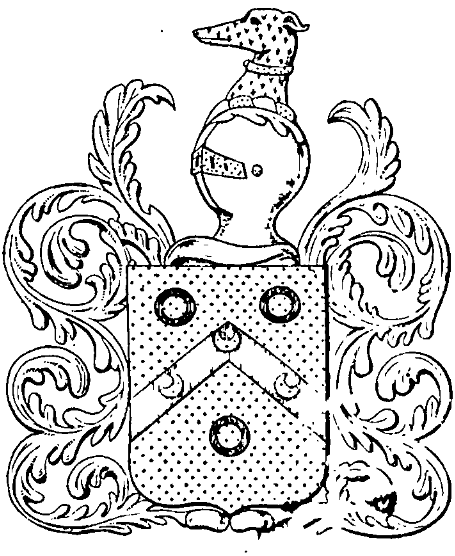
SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.



SERTUM CARTHUSIAN

FLORIBUS TRIUM SECULORUM

CONTEXTUM

CURA

GULIELMI HAIG BROWN,

SCHOLÆ CARTHUSIANÆ ARCHIDIDASCALI.



PROSTAT APUD

DEIGHTON, BELL, ET SOC.,

BELL ET DALDY, LONDINI.

MDCCCLXX.

CARTHUSIANIS

QUI FUERUNT, QUI SUNT, QUI ERUNT,

HUNC LIBRUM DEDICAT

G. H. B.

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

Ut hodie nihil fere in dubium non vocatur, ita de artibus, quæ ad pueros instituendos plurimum valeant, summa contentione disputatur: nec desunt ii, qui rerum physicarum amore abrepti, veteres illas disciplinas, vulgo literas humaniores nuncupatas, ex eruditione puerili omnino depellant, ita ut, venustate atque elegantia literarum posthabita, omnia ad utilitatis normam revocentur. Sed etsi haud mirandum est si inter talem animorum æstum, qualem nunc dierum videmus concitatum, utilitati omnia a nonnullis arrogentur, videndum tamen est ne, in ipsa utilitate captanda, multa quoque utilia projiciantur, quæ amissa haud mediocriter desiderabuntur.

Jam vero ut me excerpam ex numero illorum, quibus omnia putida sunt studia præ literis Græcis et Romanis, mihi quidem in scholarum nostrarum curriculo non modo linguæ hodiernæ, verum etiam rerum physicarum rationes, suum sibi locum videntur vindicare: idque eo libentius concedo, non modo quod aliquantulum inde fructus et voluptatis ipse percepi, quatenus id in vita occupata licebat, sed multo magis quod res ipsæ dignissimæ sunt, quibus labor

et cura insumantur, adeoque quod, ut opinor, pro comperto habetur tantum abesse ut quæstiones istæ literis humanioribus officiant perdiscendis, ut iis aliquid potius afferant adjumenti. Præterea quoniam puerorum indoles mirum quantum inter se discrepant, non fieri potest quin mentes aliæ aliis rationibus sint educandæ: itaque, rerum physicarum indagatione curriculo nostro addita pluribusque ad sapientiam viis munitis, omnes pro suo quisque ingenio habent, in quo cum fructu elaborent. Sed quum necesse est neminem unquam grammaticam ignorare, nec literarum omnino expertem vivere; et quum, in omni eruditione jaciendum est fundamentum aliquod, in quo aliæ quoque res adstruantur, nihil, me judice, tantum valet cum ad vim insitam promovendam tum ad mentem corroborandam, quantum duplex illa disciplina,[1] quæ per multos jam annos floret apud Scholam inclytissimam quamque Britannicam: atque haud scio an nullum melius mentis informandæ instrumentum usquam possit reperiri: Quum enim ad puerilem institutionem certi aliquid nec fluxi requiri videtur, nihil sane accuratius definitum præsto est, quam linguæ, quæ summo artificio perfectæ et ex consuetudine loquendi delapsæ nequeunt jam immutari; nec quidquam cogitandi facultatem melius potest adjuvare, quam arctæ et constrictæ mathematicorum conclusiones. Si vero, id quod sæpissime inculcatur a multis neque illis spernendis auctoribus, hominis est ea potissimum investigare, quæ ad rerum naturam pertinent, si disciplina scholastica eo spectare debet, ut res nec verba indagentur, si denique omnia referenda sunt ad Virgilianum illud *Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, at certe ex ejusmodi eruditionis curriculo vix æquum est contemplationem extrudere summorum illorum operum, quæ tum ad doctri-

[1] Sc. litterarum humaniorum et scientiæ mathematicæ.

nam tum ad voluptatem omnium seculorum inde ab antiquissimo tempore tradita habemus: immo vero, ut ingenium humanum, *divinæ* illa *particula auræ*, cetera rerum natura præstat, ita scripta ista eximia ac prope divina maxime sunt idonea ad mentem excolendam. Ut enim omittantur sacra illa monumenta, in quibus fides innititur Christiana, sane pulcerrima ea carmina Homeri *cui nihil vidimus aut simile aut secundum*, vita ea ætatis, quam vocant, heroicæ *votiva veluti descripta tabella*, Herodoti dulcis et fusa et candida oratio, graves Thucydidis sententiæ, magna Platonis et Aristotelis auctoritas, sonora Æschyli dignitas, fabulæ Sophoclis τοῦ τραγικωτάτου, concinna Euripidis suaviloquentia, hæc quidem et multa alia, si Græcos tantum respexeris, pretiosiora sane sunt, quam quæ negligentiæ incuriosæ situ obruantur; adeoque tota illa sapientiæ et eloquentiæ et doctrinæ, et Græcarum et Latinarum, hereditas non ea est, quæ a nobis repudietur. Libros autem illos tanquam κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ accepimus, neque ulla, ut opinor, ætas utilitatem tanti æstimabit, ut tales viros, non suarum modo sed nostrarum etiam literarum auctores, prætereat atque obliviscatur. Ita enim arcte inter se implicantur literæ antiquæ et hodiernæ, ita oratio nostra ac sermo a vetere isto fonte derivantur, ita referti sunt libri nostri imaginibus inde desumptis, ut si quis poetas et oratores nostrates yelit intelligere, is profecto non facere possit, quin aliquid ponat operæ in auctoribus Græcis et Latinis perlegendis.

At, dixerit aliquis, si constiterit auctores veteres tanta in veneratione esse habendos, tamen nihil certe opus est ut pueri in versibus Latine ac Græce factitandis exerceantur: Verum enimvero ab omnibus, ni fallor, concessum est linguæ cujuslibet scientiam nullo prorsus modo melius acquiri quam usu et consuetudine scribendi; nec dubium esse potest quin aditus ad

linguas illas veteres optime per versiculos aperiatur scribendos: itaque labor ille carminum pangendorum non ideo pueris imponitur, ut poetæ evadant, sed potius ut aptiores fiant ad utramque linguam intelligendam.

Sed quoniam "in omni labore est pretium," consentaneum est viros etiam spectatos atque probatos, qui isti studio operam felicem navaverint, aliquando libenter ad eam, qua pueri emicuerint, exercitationem recurrere et labores juveniles animi causa renovare.

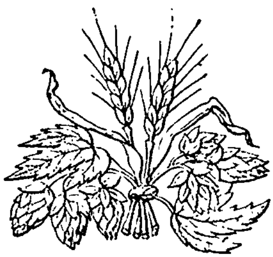
Quæ cum ita sint, liber hic noster carmina et a viris et a pueris composita continet: sed ut omnia ordine procederent, illa, quæ præsto erant, quadrifariam sunt disposita, ita ut in parte prima ponerentur carmina a Carthusianis jam e pueritia egressis seu Græce seu Latine versa; in parte autem altera poematia nonnulla, eademque a viris composita; duæ vero reliquæ partes excerpta quædam ex Albo Scholastico exhiberent. Omnia autem secundum ætatem eorum, qui scripserunt, sunt ordinata, ita ut cuivis facile pateret, quantum nostri identidem in hac re profecerint.

Quod ad flosculos, unde sertum hoc nostrum est contextum, quamquam summo opere conatus sum, ut nihil desideraretur, tamen inveniuntur hiatus quidam, quos, si modo id fieri potuisset, libenter complevissem. Desunt enim nomina aliquot virorum, qui quamvis in hoc genere claruerunt, nihil tamen præbuerunt, quod in manus meas veniret. Inter quos præcipue sunt nominandi Johannes Wesley, Gulielmus Blackstone, Eduardus, Baro de Ellenborough, cum nonnullis aliis, quorum facile in mentem veniet cuivis Carthusiano.

Restat ut gratiæ agantur iis qui amore cum literarum tum Matris Almæ Carthusianæ inducti opem ad sertum hoc contexen-

dum contulerunt. Etenim sine hujusmodi auxilio non fieri potuisset, ut hæc carmina in lucem ederentur. Quum autem permultis tantum acceptum erat referendum, invidiam haudquaquam vitarem, si aliquos nominatim laudare auderem: illud autem eo minus est necessarium quod scripta per se ipsa testantur, quantum quisque auxilii in hac re præstiterit. Ceterum carmina ea, quæ nunc in publicum prodeunt, ad eum solum finem eligebantur ut, quantum in me staret, Domui Carthusianæ antiquissimæ et amatissimæ laudis aliquid conferretur. Præterea ἀνώνυμα ista, quæ, paginis primæ partis identidem subjecta, litera E distinguuntur, de meo inserui, eo magis ut lacunas aliquot typographicas explerem, quam ut librum versiculis meis qualibuscumque refercirem.

Dabam apud Æd: Carthus:
A. D. Cal. Octobr. MDCCCLXIX.



INDEX.

FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS.



SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,
στρέφεται ὅτ' Ἄρκτος ἤδη
κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,
μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα
κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,
τότ' Ἔρως ἐπισταθείς μευ
θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει;
κατά μευ σχίσεις ὀνείρους;
ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἄνοιγε, φησὶ,
βρέφος εἰμὶ, μὴ φόβησαι,
βρέχομαι δὲ κἀσέληνον
κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.
ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας,
ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἅψας
ἀνέῳξα. καὶ βρέφος μὲν
ἐσορῶ, φέροντα τόξον
πτέρυγάς τε καὶ φαρέτρην.
παρὰ δ' ἑστίην καθίσας
παλάμαισι χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.
ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκε,
φέρε, φησὶ, πειράσωμεν,
τόδε τόξον εἴ τί μοι νῦν
βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νεύρη.
τανύει δὲ, καί με τύπτει
μέσον ἧπαρ, ὥσπερ οἶστρος·
ἀνὰ δ' ἅλλεται καχάζων,
ξένε δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι·
κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μέν ἐστι,
σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

ANACREON, iii.

TEMPUS erat, quo blanda quies mortalibus ægris
  Incubat, et mulcet pectora fessa sopor,
Frigida quum tardi vertuntur plaustra Bootæ,
  Et bigas medio Nox agit atra polo.
Constitit ante fores atque ostia clausa Cupido,
  Impulit audaci terque quaterque manu.
"Quis placidos," clamo, "pergit mihi rumpere somnos?"
  "Ne metuas, aperi, sum puer," inquit Amor;
"Solve fores; erro per opaca silentia noctis,
  Verberat et læsas nixque Notusque genas."
Quem non illa Dei potuissent verba movere?
  Excutio, accensa lampade, poste seram.
Aspicio puerum pharetramque arcumque gerentem,
  Concussa aligeris tela sonant humeris.
Frigore pallentem miseror totumque rigentem,
  Et statuo medium sedulus ante focum.
Officiosa manus refovet digitosque sinusque,
  Et multo madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Ille tremor postquam candentia membra reliquit,
  Et rediit teneræ visque calorque manu,
"Experiamur," ait, "chordam an mihi læserit imber,
  Utilis an tractum possit, ut ante, sequi."
Protinus adducto coierunt cornua nervo,
  Perque meum pectus pulsa sagitta venit:
Exsiliit, plausitque manus crudele renidens,
  Lætaque dimovit talibus ora sonis:
"Gaude mecum, hospes: salvi mihi nervus et arcus;
  Hoc te, ni fallor, saucia corda docent."

JOHN JORTIN.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK TO CAPTAIN CURRIE.

Converse Farm, near Brentwood,

9 *o'clock* P. M. *August* 22, 1837.

MY dear Captain,—Uncertain whether you have or not followed our balloon with Mr. Graham, as you intended, I address these lines to your house, containing an exact account of what has happened.

After ascending a considerable height, it appeared to me as if the balloon suddenly became motionless, neither ascending nor descending; and on my enquiring the reason of Mrs. Graham, she replied, that when she ascended with a person who had never before been with a balloon, she did not like going too high, for fear the effect would be disagreeable to him. I answered her, that I felt no unpleasant effect whatsoever from the altitude we had attained, and that I wished to get out of sight of the earth altogether.

Mrs. Graham upon this threw out a considerable quantity of ballast, and we then ascended to so high a point as completely to lose sight of *terra firma*; for although I kept my telescope constantly to my eye, I could perceive no trace of it.

I then remarked to Mrs. Graham, that the position in which we then were was much more agreeable to me than when the earth was visible, the car having the appearance of floating on the clouds, similar to a vessel on the sea.

PERSONÆ.

ICARUS, Duke of Brunswick. DÆDALA, Mrs. Graham.
CURIUS, Capt. Currie. AMOR, Mr. Amor.

AGER CONVERSUS, Converse Farm.

Icarus Curio.

ICARUS agricolæ lapsu datus hospes Amoris,
  Conversum, ut dicunt nomine, arantis Agrum,
Pollicito aerios Curio servare volatus,
  Atque, globus quo nos perferat, usque sequi,
Incertus, Laribus tamen haud diffisus amicis,
  Hæc veræ mitto signa legenda rei.

Nam satis evecto visus mihi protenus omnis
  Tolli motus; iners stare repente globus.
Causam scire libet, quærenti Dædala reddit
  Causam, et quæ curæ sit referenda suæ.
Scilicet, ignotas siquis tiro audet in auras
  Scandere, et insuetum carpere discit iter,
Ingrati ne forte aliquid nimis alta tenentem
  Sollicitet, modica providet ipsa fuga.
" Me," refero. " ingrati nihil hoc movet aëre, terras
  Conspectumque omnem deseruisse velim."
Pulvere tum ejecto conscendimus altius, et jam
  Firma oculis terra deficiente, beor.
Namque, tubum ut servo intentus, rectoque meatus
  Lucis perlustro lumine, nulla manet.

" Sic positis," dico, " multo sic gratius itur,
  Terrarum et spreto sic datur orbe frui.
Ætherios en per campos hic nare videtur
  Currus, ut æquoreis cymba nat acta vadis."

Mrs. Graham at that moment drew my attention to a most beautiful appearance in the clouds, which, by the refraction of the sun's rays, gave a perfect refloction of the balloon and the car, with ourselves; adding that such a phenomenon was most extraordinary, and very seldom witnessed.

Much to my disappointment we soon regained sight of the earth, when I again expressed a desire to ascend higher; but Mrs. Graham said she was afraid we had not sufficient ascending power to do so that day.

She then discharged some ballast from the safety-bag, but rather declined to accede to my request to discharge all its contents, which rendered its effect very slight, as we remained nearly in equilibrium.

Mrs. Graham, at my request, then explained to me the management of the valve of the balloon. Shortly afterwards I asked her if my rising on my seat to take off my great coat would disturb the balance of the car; but upon her assuring me it would not, I did so, feeling it very warm.

From that moment, in my opinion, we commenced our descent, although Mrs. Graham thought the contrary; but she was convinced of her error by paper being thrown out. At this period Mrs. Graham asked me if I did not feel considerable pain in my ears; and upon my assuring her of the contrary, she said I was possessed of very strong nerves. I, however, soon experienced it to a very severe degree.

The balloon at this moment commenced twirling round like a top, in its continued descent, when Mrs. Graham asked me if it was disagreeable, saying it was occasioned by our having entered a different current of air. I replied that I did not much admire it, but that I felt no giddiness from it.

"Quin tu flecte oculos, ubi jam pulcherrima nubem
Exornat species: utere sorte data.
Talis rara quidem in cœlis apparet imago,
Nec cuivis hominum conspicienda venit."
Conversis tum nos oculis currumque globumque,
Nube ex adversa reddit ut umbra, noto;
Vivaque refracti admirans spectacula solis
Vix credam duplices non simul ire globos.
Invito mox sub visum redit improba terra,
Scandere in ætherios mens avet ægra locos.
"Ut fieri, quod aves, hac possit luce, verendum est,
Nam neque par votis vis levitatis adest."
Hæc effata, salutarem tamen, haud mora, saccum
Ejecto partim pulvere cauta levat.
"Parcius hoc facis, omnem adeo saccum ejice," clamo.
Dædala declinat, certa negare, caput.
Ergo nil agitur, stabili globus aëre pendet,
Libratumque æquo pondere servat iter.
Edocet interea optantem me Dædala valvas
Claudere quid præstet, quidque aperire globi.
Sed, largus toto ut manat de corpore sudor,
Grande malum chlamydis deposuisse volo:
Sollicitus si stare queam, neque pondera turbem:
Illa metus pellit: sto chlamydemque levo.
"Hinc, cœptum est," aio, "descendere:" Dædala censet
Esse aliter: factum chartula missa probat.
"Aëre percussas violari an percipis aures
Nervosque intendi?" quod rogat illa, nego.
"O te nervorum felicem et roboris," inquit:
Nec longum atque aures perdoluere mihi.
Tum globus ad gyros, ceu turbo volubilis, actus
Indicat in flatus se cecidisse novos.
Ingratum sane, sed et est quod acerbius esset,
Nec mihi tentatur mobilitate caput.

Mrs. Graham then threw out the grapple on one side, and the safety-bag on the other, the rope of which latter was so short that it kept dangling about half a yard below the car; a circumstance which appeared much to dissatisfy her. She then asked whether it would make me giddy to look down from the car and observe what the grappling iron was doing? I immediately did so, and replied, it had no effect upon me. She next inquired if I remembered her informing me the balloon would be converted into a parachute, and requested me to observe it was then in that state.

I then saw her mount upon her seat and lay hold of the ropes which fastened the car to the balloon. She desired me to do the same, observing we were coming down rather faster than she wished. I followed her advice, although deliberately, observing that we were at so great a distance from the earth that I could not yet distinguish one object from another; but I had scarcely put myself in the position required, when I felt the car strike with the utmost violence on the ground and overturn, the balloon itself touching the earth, and dragging us about thirty yards, until it rose again.

By the violence of the shock I was thrown head foremost out of the car, at the height of about eighteen feet, but I contrived to fall upon my hands, and escaped uninjured. Having gained my feet, I had the great grief of seeing Mrs. Graham fall from the car from a much higher distance than I had fallen; and from the apparently lifeless manner in which she lay was at first fearful she was killed. I immediately proceeded to her, and found she had fallen on her head, and was quite insensible. Mr. Amor, the farmer on whose grounds we had fallen, with a number of his people, soon came to my assistance, when the unfortunate lady was conveyed to the residence of that gentleman, Converse Farm, in the parish of Doddinghurst, near the town of Brentwood, Essex, where she still remains.

Anchora tum jacitur dextra, de parte sinistra
Injusto saccus pondera fune trahens.
Nec placet hoc comiti: "Qui pendeat anchora, serva,
Icare, sique potes, despice," tristis ait.
Despicio, et nulla tollens vertigine voltus
Quæ vidi refero ex ordine, quidque queam.

Tum me discipulum appellat, revocansque magistra
Quæ prius edocuit, nunc meminisse jubet:
Labentes convexa etenim dum protegit umbra
Præcipitem lapsum temperat ipse globus.
Funibus interea, currus queis pendet in alto,
Stans sella palmas applicat illa duas;
Et terram queritur citius properare. Prehensos
Sto funes tractans ipse ducemque sequens;
Terram equidem, neque enim rerum discrimina certis
Ulla oculis parent, jam procul esse reor.
Sed vixdum stanti, en subito ruit impete currus,
Et multo eversus verbere pulsat humum.
Ac terram tetigitque globus, tactamque reliquit
Nos secum abreptos, quo velit aura, ferens.

Ipse pedes mox ter senos evectus in altum,
Impatiens tantæ vis rapidique mali,
Præcipitor violens curru excutiorque: cadentem
Protentæ illæsum sustinuere manus.
Stans comitem quæro: in cœlum jam evectior, ecce,
Labitur impingens Dædala prona caput.
"Dædala, tu moreris," clamo, sensuque carentem
Excipio accurrens; subvenit hospes Amor
Cum famulis præsens, atque in sua tecta receptam
Curat, et assidua sedulitate fovet.

I instantly desired medical assistance might be sent for, and she was soon attended upon by Mr. Barlow, a surgeon of the neighbourhood, whose opinion at this moment is, that there is a serious concussion of the brain, and injury within the abdomen, but notwithstanding her great danger, he does not despair of her life. Since about five o'clock, when the fall took place, until now I have been staying beside her, and it is only within half an hour that she appears commencing the recovery of her senses. I wish you would inform Mr. Graham, from me, how distressed I am at what has happened, and, should he not have heard of the accident, I must beg of you to prepare him by degrees for this sorrowful event.

The balloon, with my great coat, hat, telescope, etc., is gone I know not where. I saw it rise to a great height after Mrs. Graham had fallen from the car.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
In the spring he would return;
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past:
Cease my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

GRAY.

Acccrso medicum, hunc unum vicinia laudat,
Qui, rite explorans, qualia passa jacet,
Concussi et cæcos cerebri laterisque labores,
Vitæ ejus, sperans vivere posse, timet.

Ipse laboranti assideo jam quatuor horas,
Ac tandem miseræ mens, modo visa, redit.

Hæc me infelici dic ægro ferre marito,
Sive opus est, pandens singula cautus adi.

Illa chlamys mea nescio quo, tubus ille, galerus,
Omnia, cum rapto rapta abiere globo.
JOHN RUSSELL.

JURAVIT Thyrsis, jam discessurus, amicæ
Adfore se reditu veris, ut ante, domi:
Eheu! jam fulgent violæ, jam spina tumescit,
Altisonum cœlo fundit alauda melos.
Per nemus assuetos renovat Philomela dolores,
"Ver redit," exclamant omnia, "Thyrsis abest."

Raucisoni cantus! nimis importuna puellæ
Temperies, cur vos sic properasse juvat?
Non semper monstrant imbres, non aura Favoni
Elapsas hiemes præteritumque gelu.
Phœbe, retro propera, versique recurrite menses,
Integer ut saltem restet amantis honor.
EDWARD HALL ALDERSON.

WHY dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble son
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one in the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies, let us shame him with our knees.

SHAKSPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 153.

Τέκνον, τί σιγᾷς; ἆρα γενναίῳ τρέφειν
ὀργὴν προσήκει τῶν κακῶς εἰργασμένων;
σὺ δ'—οὐ γὰρ αὐτῷ δακρύων οὐδὲν μέλει—
νῦν, ὦ τάλαινα θύγατερ, ἀντ' ἐμοῦ φράσον·
ξύνειπε καὶ σὺ, πατρὸς ἱκέτευσον, βρέφος·
ἀσύνετα συνετῶν μᾶλλον ἂν πίθοι σφ' ἴσως.
καὶ μὴν φέρ' εἰπὲ, μητρὶ τίς μείζω χάριν
βροτῶν ὀφείλει; κᾆτα πῶς λαλεῖν μ' ἐᾷς
μάτην τάδ', ὥς τιν' ἐν ξύλῳ καθήμενον;
ποῦ τῇ τεκούσῃ μοῖραν, ἣν ἔδει, νέμων
χάριτος ἔδειξας; ἡ δ' ὑπόπτερον φίλη
ὄρνις νεοσσὸν, δευτέρου γόνου πόθον
ἀφεῖσα, κλαγγῇ πολλάκις μὲν εἰς μάχας
προὔπεμψε, πολλάκις δέ σ' εἰς δόμους πάλιν
νίκης ἔχοντ' ἐσῆγε πάντιμον γέρας.
πρὸς ταῦτά μ', εἰ σύγ' ἄδικα λίσσεσθαί μ' ἐρεῖς,
λάκτιζε, φείδου μηδέν· εἰ δέ γ' ἔνδικα,
εἴρξεις δέ τιμῆς τῆς προσηκούσης ἐμὲ,
τῆς μητρὸς, οἶμαι, καταφρονῶν, κακός τ' ἔσει,
τίσιν τε μεγάλην οὔτι μὴ φύγῃς θεῶν·—
ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔμπαλιν στρέφειν·
φίλαι γυναῖκες, προσπίτνειν ἤδη δοκεῖ·
ἱκετῶν γ' ὁμαίμων κάρτ' ἂν αἰδοῖτ' ἂν γόνυ.

Horace Waddington.

THIS Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them who loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little,
And, to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.* IV. 2, 48.

Ἱερεὺς ἐκεῖνος, οὐκ ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς τινὸς
ῥίζης πεφυκὼς, σχῆμ' ὅμως φρενῶν σάφα
εἶχεν τύραννον, κἀρετῆς ἐπήβολον·
σοφίας ἔτ' ὢν ἐν σπαργάνοις ἐγεύσατο,
ἡβῶν τ' ἔθρεψεν, ἣν δ' ἐπιστήμης πλέως
γλώσσῃ τ' ἔθαλλεν εὐτρόχῳ, πειστηρίους
λόγους ἑλίσσων· τοῖς μὲν ἐχθροῖσιν πικρὸν
ἔδειξεν ὄμμα καὶ ξυνωφρυωμένον,
τοῖς δ' αὖ φίλοισιν, ὡς θέρος, παρῆν γλυκύς·
κεἰ τέρμα μηδὲν τῇ φιλαργύρῳ φρενὶ
ἔθηκε, μὴ οὐ τὰ πλείονα ζητεῖν ἀεί—
ἥμαρτε γὰρ τοῦτ',· οὐδ' ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή—
λίαν γ' ὅμως, δέσποινα, βασιλικῇ χερὶ
τὰ δῶρ' ἔνειμε· μάρτυρες γένεσθέ μοι,
οἵαν ξυνωρίδ', ὦ πόλεις Ἴψειχέ τε
Ὀξωνία τ', ἐν ὑμὶν ἵδρυσεν πάλαι
διδασκαλείων, μουσικῆς παιδευμάτων,
οἷν τῷ κτίσαντι θάτερον ξυνώλετο,
τοιοῦδ' ἀθυμοῦν ὀρφανισθῆναι πατρός,
τὸ δ' ἕτερον, ἀτελὲς ὂν περ, εὐκλείας ὅμως
τοσόνδ' ἀφῖκται, πλεῖστ' ἀριστεῦσαν τέχναις
καὶ νῦν προκόπτον, ὥστ' ἀείμνηστος χθονὶ
τῶν Χριστιανῶν τἀνδρὸς ἀρετὴ μενεῖ·
πεσόντι δ' αὐτῷ δὶς τόσ' ἔσθλ' ἠθροίζετο·
ὃν γὰρ πρὶν ἠγνόησε, φρενομανῆ νόσον
νοσῶν, ἑαυτὸν, ὅστις ἦν, πρῶτον τότε
μαθὼν κατῄσθεθ', ἡδονήν τ' ἐξεῦρ' ὅση
τὸ βαιὸς εἶναι, μηδ' ἄγαν φρονεῖν μέγα·
μείζους δ' ἵν' αὐτῷ τῷ τε λευκανθεῖ κάρᾳ
τιμὰς προσάψει', ἤ τις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει
πορεῖν, ἔθνησκεν εὐσεβῶν ὀρθῶς Θεόν.

ALLAN WILLIAM CHATFIELD.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire,
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow;
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around;
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping hills matur'd,
When, on a day like that of the last doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But, oh! what muse, and in what powers of song
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

COWPER.

TEMPUS erat, quando dormivit flamma sub Ætnâ
Et mons interno sospes ab igne fuit:
Tum non ulla sinu metuens discrimina ab alto
Edidit in cœlum culmina cana nive.
Lauricomos nondum quassarant undique saltus,
Innexos lateri, fulmina rauca sono.
Nondum læsus erat rabie fulgente procellæ
Purpureæ vitis multus ubique labor,
At pinguis dulces sociabat oliva tenebras,
Fertilis agricolæ spes, nec inane decus.
Mox tamen atra dies, illique simillima, tellus
Qua collapsa ruet, plena timoris adest:
Fert utero flammas Stygio conterrita fœtu,
Terra simul stabilis contremuitque mare.
Nonne vides densos orbes glomerare per auras
Et jam sulfureis nubila fœda globis?
Dum per Tartarea mersum caligine cœlum
Dissiliunt toto fulgura clara polo.
At quis grassantes poterit depingere flammas
Carmine? quæve aptat talia Musa lyræ?
En iter excidio lateque notante ruinâ
Disjectum humani signa laboris eunt.
Et nemora et vites una et volvuntur olivæ,
Graminaque et Siculi munera mille soli.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

Chorus puellarum Lacænarum.

Ταΰγετον αὖτ' ἐραννὸν ἐκλιπῶα,
Μῶα μόλε Λάκαινα πρεπτὸν ἁμὶν
κλέωα τὸν Ἀμύκλαις Ἀπόλλω σιὸν
καὶ χαλκίοικον Ἀσάναν,
Τυνδαρίδας τ' ἀγασώς
τοὶ δὴ παρ' Εὐρώταν ψιάδδοντι.
εἶα μάλ' ἔμβη
ὢ εἶα, κοῦφα πάλλων,
ὡς Σπάρταν ὑμνίωμες,
τᾷ σιῶν χοροὶ μέλοντι,
καὶ ποδῶν κτύπος,
ᾇτε πῶλοι δ' αἱ κόραι
πὰρ τὸν Εὐρώταν
ἀμπάλλοντι πυκνὰ ποδοῖν
ἀγκονιῶαι,
ταὶ δὲ κόμαι σείονθ', ᾇπερ βακχᾶν
θυρσαδδοᾶν καὶ παιδδοᾶν.
ἁγῆται δ' ἁ Λήδας παῖς
ἁγνὰ χοραγὸς εὐπρεπής.
ἀλλ' ἄγε κόμαν παραμπύκιδδέ τε
χειρὶ ποδοῖν τε πάδη
ᾇ τις ἔλαφος.

ARISTOPH. LYSISTR. 1300.

O MUSA, grato e Taÿgeto veni:
Dicenda templis Pallas aheneis
  Præclara, Amyclæumque numen,
    Tyndaridæque, animosa proles;
Quos tu trahentes sæpe diem vides,
Eurota, ludo: rumpe moras, lyrâ
  Nectamus en! Spartæ coronam,
    Cui melos atque placent choreæ;
Pulsare terram jam pede libero
Tempus, Camœnæ: ceu properant equæ
  Missis habenis, sic jubebo
    Virgineos glomerare gressus,
Miscereque auras pulvere: non vides,
Lascivientes ut feriant comæ
  Ventos, gravescentique Bacchas
    Thyrsigeras referant tumultu?
Ledæque pulchræ filia pulcrior
Cœtum gubernat; dama velut cita
  Virgo renodatis capillis
    Quæque agiles celebret choreas.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

Calphurnia.

CÆSAR, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have seen and heard,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets:
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

SHAKSPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 2. 13.

ΚΑΛ.

Οὔπω ποτ', ὦναξ, δειμάτων ἐπιστροφὴν
ἔσχον τοιούτων· νῦν γε μὴν φόβος μ' ἔχει.
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἦν ἀκούσαντας μαθεῖν,
αὐτούς τ' ἰδόντας· καινὰ δ' ἀγγείλας ἔχει
παρών τις ἔνδον, οἷα φρικώδη βλέπειν
φροῦροι κατεῖδον ἔννυχοι φαντάσματα·
λέαιν' ἀγυιαῖς ἐν μέσαις λοχεύεται
σκύμνους· χανοῦσαι δ' εὐρὺ τυμβήρεις ἕδραι
νεκροὺς ἀφῆκαν τοὺς κάτω κεκευθότας·
θοῦροι δ' ἐπ' ἄκροις νέφεσιν αἰχμῆται σάγη
ἄνδρες φλογωπῷ, στίφεσιν πυκνούμενοι
λόχοις τ', ἔχοντες κόσμον εὔτακτον μάχης,
ὁρμῶσι δῆριν· φονολιβεῖς ὅθεν δρόσοι
κατεψέκαζον τὴν ἔνερθ' ἀκρόπτολιν·
ἔφριξέ τ' αἰθὴρ ὡς ἀρειφάτῳ κλόνῳ·
παρῆν δ' ἀκούειν ἱππικῶν φρυαγμάτων
ἀνδρῶν στεναγμοῦ τ' ἐν φοναῖς πεπτωκότων.
κλαυθμῷ δὲ κωκυτοῖς τε τρίζουσαι σκιαὶ
κατεῖχον ἄστυ· ταῦτα δὴ κρείσσω λόγου,
Καῖσαρ, πέφηνε, κἀμέ γ' ἐκπλήσσει φόβῳ.

ΚΑΙ. τί δῆτα φευκτόν, ᾧ πρὸς ὑψίστων θεῶν
τὸ μοιρόκραντον τέρμ' ἀκινήτως μένει;
ἔξεισι μέντοι Καῖσαρ, ὡς ἴσον βροτοῖς
τοῖς πᾶσι κἀμοὶ τῶνδε θεσφάτων μέτα.

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

I WHO on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vex'd waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well-steer'd galleys did I rule:—
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Avail'd not to my vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learn'd that one poor moment can suffice
To equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

WORDSWORTH.

THE man in the wilderness asked of me,
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him, as I thought good,—
"As many as red herrings grow in the wood!"

Εγωγε ναύτης εὐθὺς ἐκ παιδὸς γεγὼς
τὴν δυσθέατον τοῦ χολωθέντος σάλου
ὄψιν λέγειν ἔχοιμ' ἂν, εὖτ' ἐπέζεσε
Νότος Βοώτης τ' ἀγρίῳ μηνίματι·
ἔτη δὲ πεντήκοντα τῶν εὐηρέτμων
πλοίων ἐπέστην, οὐδ' ὅσον γ' ἀφίσταται
δεινὸς Πελωρὸς τῶν Ἀτλαντικῶν ἄπο
στηλῶν, ἄϊστόν ἐστ' ὄρος τοῖσδ' ὄμμασιν·
τοὺς δ' εὐρυχώρους πολλὰ πολλάκις πλέων
ἐπέρασα κόλπους, τῶν δ' ἐν οὐρανῷ νεφῶν
πάντων ὅσ' ὁρμήσαιτο, δύναμιν ᾐσθόμην.
ἐξ ὧν θαλάσσης ὕβρις ἀσθενεστέρα
ἦν, ἢ φθοράν πως τῆς ἐμῆς ποιεῖν νεώς.
ἐγὼ δὲ ποίαν λαμπρότητα πολλάκις
πλοίοις ὅπωπα βασιλικοῖς ἐφεστάναι,
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν ἔμαθον ὡς βραχὺς χρόνος
τοῖς πλουσίοισι τοὺς πένητας ἐξισοῖ.
βίου θάλασσαν πᾶς περῶν ναυτίλλεται·
ἄλλος γαλήνης, λαίλαπος δυσχειμέρου
ἄλλος κυρήσει, τοῦδε δ' ἐν τέλει στόλου
ἅπασι θάνατός ἐστιν εὔορμος λιμήν.

William Dobson.

Εμοί ποτ' εἶπεν οὐξ ἐρημίας ἀνήρ,
πόσ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ γίγνεται μιμαίκυλα;
ἠμειψάμην δ' ἐγώ νιν, ὡς οἶμαι, σοφῶς,
πόσαι πεφύκασ' ἐν νάπαισι μαινίδες;

Henry King.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by;
Sol has dropp'd into his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Summer ebbs; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence assign'd
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

WORDSWORTH.

LINQUAMUS umbras arboribus nigras
Raucoque flumen præteriens sono;
Cœlo fatigatus sereno
Sol abiit, repetitque pontum.
Iam transit ætas—pone diem sequens
Demissa ab alto rite dies venit,
Tenditque ad obscuras cavernas,
Frigora ubi latuere brumæ.
Qui cælum et idem res hominum regit,
Prudente nostram sic voluit modo
Sensimque declinare vitam, et
Propositum tetigisse finem.
Neglecta frustra poma homini rubent
Novique flores more suo vigent,
Et pectus invitum resignat
Tecta diu penitusque vota.
Puella, vivas tu sapientior;
Tuusque quando præcipitat dies,
Non poma te floresve reddant
Funeris immemorem futuri.

William Dobson.

HOW wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

SHELLEY.

THEREFORE they might not taste of fleshly food,
Nor feed on ought which doth the blood contain,
Nor drink of wine, for wine—they say—is blood,
Even the blood of giants which were slain
By thundering Jove in the Phlegræan plain;
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damn'd her sons which 'gainst them did rebel,
With inward grief and malice did against them swell:

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitful vine, whose liquor, bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Might in them stir up old rebellious thought
To make new war against the gods again;
Such is the power of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restrain,
Nor within reason's rule her madding mood contain.

Ἦ μὴν θάνατος θαυμαστὸς ἔφυ,
θάνατος, θανάτου θ' ὕπνος ὅμαιμος·
παρέχει γὰρ ὁ μὲν χρῶτα παρειᾶς
ὠχρόν, φθινὰς ὥς ἐστι σελήνη,
χείλη τε πελιδνὰ θεᾶσθαι·
τοῦ δὲ πρόσοψις πορφυρέα 'στὶν,
τρόπον Ἠῴου φέγγους, εὖτ' ἂν
θάσσουσα θεὰ θρόνον ἐν κύμασι
πᾶσαν κατέχῃ γαῖαν ἐρεύθει·
καίτοι θάνατόν θ' ὕπνον τε λέγων
θαυμαστοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἁμάρτοις.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

QUOCIRCA nec carne frui dapibusve cruentis
Fas erat, aut illis spumantia pocula vini
Haurire, est etenim vinum—sic fabula—sanguis,
Ille giganteus sanguis, qui fulgure cæsi
A Jove Phlegræos straverunt undique campos;
Inde genus (perhibent) tellus exosa Deorum,
Progeniem ipsius qui sic domuere rebellem,
Infenso penitus tumuit fera corda dolore:
Nec mora, qui fuerat circum præcordia sanguis
Natorum, ex illo, gremium per fertile fuso,
Uvam fœcundam peperit, quæ pressa colorem
Sanguineum succo referens, quum pectus iniquâ
Moverat humanum rabie, tunc arma ciendi
Consilium antiquum revocaret mente rebelli:
Jam vero fructûs est tanta potentia, pestis
Ut nullo cohibenda modo sit dira, furatque
Indomita, et ratio imperium devicta resignet.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

Λύκος τις ὥς εἰς σηκὸν ἦλθ' ὁ βάρβαρος,
χρυσῷ δὲ πορφυρᾷ τε τηλαυγεῖς λόχοι
ἔλαμπον ὅπλοις, ὥσπερ αἱ θαλάσσιοι
ἄστροισι μαρμαίρουσι Γαλιλαίας ῥοαί.
ὡς εὐθενοῦντα φύλλα θάλλοντος θέρους,
ἐφ' ἡλίου δυσμαῖσιν ἦν ὑπερκόποις
βρύοντα σημείοισιν εἰσιδεῖν στρατόν,
ὡς φύλλ' ἐπιπνεύσαντος 'Αρκτούρου χάμαι
φθίνοντα, κείνου πᾶν ἐς αὐρίον στρατοῦ
πανώλεθρον διῴχετ' αὐανθὲν κλέος.
τῆς γὰρ θυέλλης ἐπτερωμένος βίᾳ
κηρὸς παρῆλθε θεοσύτου διάκονος,
τὰ δ' ὄμματ' ἤδη τῶν καθευδόντων κρύος
εἶχεν θανάσιμον, κἀξ ἑνὸς πηδήματος
πάντων ἐς αἰὲν καρδίας ἐκοίμισεν·
κἀκεῖ μὲν ἵππον ἦν ἰδεῖν προκείμενον
ῥῖνές τε δεινὸν ὡς τὸ πρὶν κεχήνεσαν
μυκτηρόκομπα δ' οὐκ ἐνῆν φρυάγματα.
λευκῷ δ' ἔδευσε γαῖαν ἀσπαίρων ἀφρῷ
ψυχρῷ θ' ὁμοίως, ὥσπερ οἰδοῦντος σάλου
πέτραισιν ἐμπίπτοντος ἀλικλύστοις ἄχνη.
ἔκειτο δ' ὠχρὸς ἱππότης διάστροφος,
βρεχθεὶς μέτωπον ταῖς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ δρόσοις,
ἰὸς δ' ἐπὼν ἔχραινε τὴν παντευχίαν·
σκῆναι δ' ἐσίγων ἥ τε σημείων χλιδὴ
μόνη 'λέλειπτο, κοὖ τις ἦν αἰχμῶν στρατῷ
ἐν παντὶ πίτυλος οὔτε σάλπιγγος βοή.
θρηνοῦσι δ' ὀρθίοισιν ἐν Νίνῳ γόοις
χῆραι γυναῖκες, ἐν δὲ τῷ Βήλου νεῴ
ἐχθρῶν τέθραυσται δαιμόνων ἀγάλματα,
ἀνδρῶν δ' ὑπέρφρον βαρβάρων κράτος, ξίφους
ἄθικτον, ἐμβλέψαντος εἰσάπαξ Θεοῦ,
ὥσπερ χιὼν τακεῖσα πᾶν διοίχεται.

EDWARD ELDER.

Caliban.

YOU taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Prospero. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches and make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No! pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would controul my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

SHAKSPEARE, *Tempest*, i. 2. 363.

Juliet.

O SHUT the door! and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Friar Laurence. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1. 44.

K. Φθογγὴν βροτείαν σοῖς ἔχω διδάγμασι,
τοσοῦτο δ' αὐτῆς εὑρόμην, ὁθούνεκα
λόγους ἀραίους οἶδα· πύρφορός σ' ἕλοι
λοιμὸς πανωλὴς φθέγμα σὸν δείξαντά μοι.
Π. ἔξω, κελεύω, μητρὸς ἐχθίστης σπόρος·
οὔ μοι ξύλ' οἴσεις, τοῦ πυρὸς θρεπτήρια;
οὐ θᾶσσον; οὐκ ἂν αὖθις ἄλλ' ὑπηρετεῖν
φθάνοις ταχύνων, μή τι καὶ χεῖρον παθῇς;
ὀκνεῖς, στύγημα; τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐὰν λόγοις
ἤ μή τι πείσθῃς, ἢ ποιῇς ἀκουσίως,
σφακέλοις σε θήσω τοῖς πάλαι στρεβλούμενον
ὥστ' ἐκφοβεῖν σε θῆρας ἐκβρυχώμενον.
K. μὴ δῆτα ταῦτά γ'· ἀλλὰ τῷδε πειστέον·
σοφαῖσι γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἰσχύει τέχναις,
ὥστ' ἂν δύνασθαι τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς θεὸν
Σέτεβον κατασχεῖν ἔς τε δουλείαν τρέπειν.

EDWARD ELDER.

I. Πάκτου τὸ δῶμα, κᾆτα ποιήσας τόδε
γόους δάκρυε τῇδε σὺν δυσδαίμονι,
ᾗ πᾶσ' ἄρηξις, μῆχος, ἐλπὶς οἴχεται.
Λ. φεῦ. ἤδη τορῶς κάτοιδα σὴν λύπην, τέκνον,
ᾗ παντελῶς δὴ τῶν φρενῶν ἐξίσταμαι,
καὶ γὰρ κλύω δεῖν, οὐδ' ἐπαρκέσις πάρα,
πρὶν δὶς διελθεῖν ἥλιον δι' οὐρανὸν,
βίᾳ σ' ἄνακτος τοῦδε γίγνεσθαι λέχος.
I. μή μοί συ λέξῃς ὡς τάδ' εἶ πεπυσμένος,
εἰ μή γε λέξεις πῶς τόδ' ἐκφεύγω κακὸν,
ἄκος δὲ μηδὲν προσφέρων εὐβουλίᾳ,
μόνον σύ γ' εἰπέ μοι βεβουλεῦσθαι καλῶς,
ξίφος δ' ἄρηξιν τοῦτό μοι δώσει τάχα.

EDWARD ELDER.

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* iv. 640.

The Lady who offers her Looking Glass to Venus.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR.

SUAVIS adest animo nascentis spiritus Eos,
 Quum primæ cantus emodulentur aves;
Suave jubar Solis, radiis quum primus obortis
 Hos dulces agros, hæc loca grata fovet.
Cui genus arboreum, cui fructus et herba nitenti
 Et teneri flores—omnia—rore micant.
Tu quoque fragrantes, tellus, emittis odores,
 Molli frugiferos imbre soluta sinus.
Tu quoque dulcis ades mihi gratissimus hora
 Vesperque, et tacitæ noctis amœna quies,
Cui sollemnis avis comes et pulcherrima Luna,
 Astrorumque, poli plurima gemma, cohors:
Sed neque jucundus nascentis spiritus Eos,
 Nec matutini carmina prima chori;
Nec jubar hos dulces exsurgens Solis in agros,
 Non fructus, flores, herbaque rore micans,
Terrave post imbres fragrans,—non Vesperis hora
 Gratior, aut tacitæ noctis amœna quies;
Non sollemnis avis, tacitæ comes addita nocti,
 Nocturnosque regens Cynthia luce pedes;
Non quæ læta micant accenso sidera cælo,
 Nulla mihi sine te dulcia, nulla placent.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

NON sum, qualis eram: speculum hoc, Venus, accipe votum:
 Quale dehinc fiam, ne, Venus, aspiciam.

E.

I ENVY not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage;
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
For whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor, though it count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
That stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I hold it, when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

Per Livia.

LIVIA suol ridere
Nei tristi eventi:
E ha cor si barbaro?
No; ma bei denti.

A. D'ELCI.

NON homini invideo, cui dura ad claustra retento
  Ingenua rabie mens male sana vacat:
Non merulæ, angusto quæ nata in carcere vernas
  Nec gaudet silvas nec meminisse dolet.

Non equidem invideo, viridis qui prata juventæ
  Ludenti similis, sed sine lege, petit.
Compede quem nulla religat mens conscia pravi,
  Nec vigili somnos verbere Pœna quatit.

Nec laudo, eximia quamvis se sorte bearit,
  Siquis amicitiæ pignora nulla dedit.
Desidia mihi nulla placent stagnantia corda,
  Pectoribus vacuis displicet emta quies.

Hæc meliora voco—quæ sors mihi cunque dolenti
  Attulerit, doleo, at mens mihi certa manet.
Amissos potius plorem lacrimosus amores,
  Quam nullo arguerim tempore, quid sit amor.

GEORGE CURREY.

ALIENA semper damna Chloris irridet:
Num Chloris adeo barbaros habet mores?
Minime: sed adeo candidos habet dentes.

E.

ONCE on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration:
See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me could do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight
But, ah! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me near the ground;
I'd have the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string.
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke!
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear
It flutter'd downwards in the air,
Unable its own course to guide,
The wind soon plunged it in the tide.
O foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
How couldst thou fly without a string?
My heart replied: O Lord, I see
How much the kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines,
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns;

MILVIUS, ut fama est, quondam (mirabile visu !)
Charteus ex alto despiciebat humum.
Et liquidas carpens paullo jactantior auras
Ipse suas laudes, magnaque verba dabat:
Ecce feror super ora virum: comitatur euntem
Plausibus insolitæ conscia turba fugæ.
Sed quanto melius novissent, (quæ mea virtus)
Qualis sit milvo, me volitante, vigor.
Si nubes, oculos cursu fallente, secarem,
Non humile ingrediens, dummodo liber, iter;
Sed sors dura premit—miserumque ad limina terræ
Captivum angusto carcere lora tenent.
Certarem rapidis aquilæ pernicior alis
Surgere si fatum, sed sine fune, daret.
Interea trepido tentabat vincula nisu
Si qua importunum rumperet arte jugum.
Rumpitur—atque vagos nullo retinente volatus,
Ætherias frustra gestit inire vias.
Pondere devectus proprio, sine viribus ullis,
Præcipiti gyro pronus ad ima cadit.
Ignarumque suos proprio moderamine cursus
Flectere, demergunt æquore flabra Noti.
Ah! demens! non ala tibi neque robora pennæ,
Milvi, quid velles fune carere tuo?
Respondet dicto citius mens conscia culpæ,
Quam similis, Domine, est milvius iste mei!
Non sine te stantem præsens me dextera fallit,
Impatiens freni, te moderante, regor.
Quam sæpe impositos volui transcendere fines,
Quos mihi descripsit provida cura Dei.

For something more and something higher
How oft indulged a vain desire!
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

NEWTON.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country-houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear, aye, birds tune this pretty lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

T. NASH.

Das Kind in der Wiege.

GLÜCKLICHER Säugling! dir ist ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege:
Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

SCHILLER.

Quam sæpe indulsi vano suspiria cordi,
  Nescio quid quærens altius atque prius!
Et nisi faustus amor divino numine adesset,
  Tam mihi quam milvo vasta ruina foret.

GEORGE CURREY.

DULCE Ver, annum imperio benigno
Tu regis; lætum tibi rus virescit;
Et juvat junctis manibus puellas
  Pellere terram.

Solvitur frigus penetrans, melosque
Per nemus fundunt volucres canoræ,
Et domos omnes foliis adornant
  Buxus et ilex.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Dulce pastorum resonant avenæ,
Dulce olent agri, pede pulchra bellis
  Pressa resurgit.

Jam puer suavem repetit puellam,
Jamque anus Solem repetunt apricæ,
Læta per vicos iterata nostros
  Carmina surgunt.

FREDERICK POYNDER.

LACTENTI puero nimis incunabula vasta:
  Tellus, quanta patet, fit nimis arcta viro.

E.

A SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the forest long:—
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong!
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he sheweth his might in the wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout!

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone:—
And still flourish he, a green hale tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Was tinging his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
To gather the dew of May.
And all that day to the rebeck gay
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone,—they are dead,—in the churchyard laid,—
But the tree, he still remains!

Then sing, &c. &c.

He saw the good times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear:—
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were full of good English cheer.

LAUDIBUS quercum celebrate, quercum
Mille nodosis validam lacertis,
Late inumbrantem viridi minorem
Vertice sylvam.

Qualis, occasu rutilante Phœbi,
Luridum tollit caput, impotentem
Provocans Eurum, rabidas movente
Nocte procellas.

Testis actorum melius dierum,
Quum prius, Maio viridante ramos,
Ducerent lætas hilari choreas
Agmine Nymphæ,

Rore conspersæ tenero, procacem
Nec repugnantes juvenum catervam,
Donec haud fessum aspicerent reversa
Sidera ludum.

Simplices ruris periere ritus!
Morte jampridem pueri et puellæ
Dormiunt:—arbor manet auctiori
Fronde superstes.

Testis actorum melius dierum,
Quum prius, sacra redeunte luce,
Mos erat nostris meritos Deorum
Reddere honores:

Nec repellebant inopem superba
Divites mensa, at simul accubantes
Rite gaudebant pariter jocosum
Ducere festum.

Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he!
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be toss'd on the stormy sea!

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone:—
And still flourish he, a green hale tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

H. F. CHORLEY.

A SINGLE figure told your years
When I began to woo:
That age is doubled, and, dear Rose,
My love is doubled too.

I loved you much for childhood's spring
Which in your features smiled,
But more because I then could read
The woman in the child.

Still be the promise kept, and still
May each successive hour
Add to the beauty of the bud
The sweetness of the flower.

Posterum, auratis inhians acervis,
Deditumque acri genus heu! tyranno
Impiis nullos tremuit carinis
Findere fluctus.

Huic tamen caræ rabies habendi
Arbori parcat: pelagique casus
Vitet haud ullo violanda sævi
Verbere ferri.

Laudibus quercum celebrate, quercum
Gloriam silvæ, facile inter omnes
Principem æquales, decus et futuri
Nobile sæcli!

HENRY KING.

QUUM primum, Rosa cara, te colebam,
Litera una tuos notabat annos,
Ista nunc geminata floret ætas,
Et meus geminatus ardet ignis.
Nimirum mihi grata eras, quod ore
Ridebat juvenile ver in isto,
Sed magis, quia parva prædicabas,
Qualis mox mulier fores futura.
Sic crescant, precor, ingeni vigores;
Horæ, quotquot eunt, fugacis ævi
Pergant addere gemmulæ venustæ
Floris gaudia suaviora pleni.

E.

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warly cares an' warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

BURNS.

FLOREANT junci virides, at illa
Grata præ cunctis mihi, quæ sub umbra
Haud repugnantes videt ambientem
Hora puellas.

Omnes cura premit: dispar sibi mille figuris,
Omnibus est horis certus ubique dolor!
Quid prodest longis lente lassarier annis,
Ni Venus oblectet fœmineusque decor?

En tibi divitias! insta! sequere! ah miser! illæ
Eludunt avidam somnia vana manum!
Sin vero arripias, nummis inhiesque senescens
Quæsitis,—hæc tu gaudia vera putas?

Luna precor tantum subluceat orbe benigno
Dum facilem reddit se mea Myra mihi,
Tuque, miser, vigiles,—curisque exesus amaris
Inferno pereas sordida præda Deo!

Ridesne? at stulto licet indulgere cachinno
Frigidius glacie qui tibi pectus habes!
Rex olim quo non sapientior extitit alter
Haud uno lætos carpsit amore dies:

Hac se operas superasse omnes Natura creatrix
Jactat, et hic posito limite cessat iners:
Namque Mares primum tiro rudis, inde Puellas
Extremum summæ protulit artis opus.

HENRY KING.

I MARK'D, when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three years child.
A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store,
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.
The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told:
So walk'd they side by side.
One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half-blown;
Full joyous in their loving dream,
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by: again
That loving pair I met:
On russet heath and bowery lane,
The autumnal sun had set.
And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the saints' abode.
Behind the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale,—
O cheer thee, maiden! in His Name
Who stilled Jairus' wail.

VIDI equidem, quum prata novi pinxere colores,
Et micuit verno primula multa solo,
Trimam, cui nituit gelasinus in ore, puellam,
Lætantem, ut læta est lux oriente die.
Altera gestabat calathum manus, ipsa triumphans
Condita serta suas dinumerabat opes.
Altera sollicita implicuit manus arte sororem,
Cui juvenilis adhuc sedit in ore rubor.
Tres quater hæc etiam vixdum compleverat annos,
Incessere pari duxque comesque gradu:
Visa mihi teneræ similis soror altera gemmæ,
Quæ velut in nido vix patefacta latet:
Altera maturos mox explicitura colores:
Utraque amicitiæ compede vincta fuit.
Una utrumque animum pascebat amoris imago,
Vernis auspiciis lætus Aprilis erat.

Æstas præteriit velox, iterumque puellas
Vidi ego, quas dulcis consociarat amor:
Tempore quo campos, umbrosaque compita circum
Lumine pallebat jam breviore dies
Humida frigebant auctumni flamina, dum te
Funebris ad tumulum, parvula, pompa vehit.
Tu tua tecta petis proprio nitidissima cœlo,
Altera te sequitur pallida fronte soror.
Parce tamen lacrymis, nam te solabitur unus,
Cujus voce fuit reddita nata patri.

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft,
  That held by thine so fast;
The fond appealing eye, full oft
  T'ward thee for refuge cast.
Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone!
  No more from stranger's face
Or startling sound the timid one
  Shall hide in thine embrace.
Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
  And dreary seems thy way:
But what if nearer than before
  She watch thee, even to-day?
What if henceforth by Heaven's decree,
  She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
  In ways to angels known?
O yield thee to her whisperings sweet:
  Away with thoughts of gloom!
In love the loving spirits greet,
  Who wait to bless her tomb.
In loving hope with her unseen
  Walk as in hallow'd air:
When foes are strong and trials keen,
  Think, "what if she be there?"

KEBLE.

Epitafio d' Ettore.

ETTORE io fui Trojan, prence, guerriero;
Fe i miei dì brevi Achille, eterni Omero.

A. D' ELCI.

In desiderio frustra petis anxia molles,
   Quæ tenero amplexu te tenuere, manus:
Quique in te toties vertentes lumina ocelli,
   Præsidium visi sunt rogitare tuum.
Dulce ministerium, labor O suavissimus, omnis
   Tutelæ periit non reparandus honos.
Non illam subitosve sonos faciemve timentem
   Insuetam poteris condere amica sinu.
Qui fuerat vitæ periit labor unicus, et nunc
   Quod superest operæ, tædia sola putes.
Forsitan illa tamen tibi nunc divinitus adsit,
   Et tibi sit propior quam fuit ante, comes.
Forsitan et Patris cœlestia jussa facessens,
   Invigilet cursu tempus in omne tuo.
Cujus et ipsa pedes tu nuper amore regebas,
   Indicet Angelicas dux tibi facta vias.
Audi igitur quas vox mittit tibi caeca loquelas,
   "Ite procul tenebræ, spes nova surgat," ait.
Ni fallor, tumulum vigilant pia numina circum,
   Tu voci illorum verba referre velis.
Obscuram tu carpe viam spe freta fideli,
   Neu timeas, quo te dux vocat alma, sequi.
Hostibus in mediis interque pericula vitæ
   Non parva auxilii pars erit illa tui.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.

HIC jaceo, princeps, bellator, Troius Hector:
   Vitam a Pelida raptam mihi servat Homerus.

E.

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy cool translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's book;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands:
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have:
Listen and save.

MILTON, *Comus*, 859.

AT tu, quæ gelido recubans sub marmore flores
Nectis odoratis implicitura comis,
Audi ubi perfusos electri rore capillos
Colligis, et votis, diva Sabrina, fave.
Cui lacus est curæ nitidis argenteus undis,
Invocat intactæ te pietatis honos.
Te per et Oceani nomen, sævumque tridentem,
Quo concussa pavet terra, Sabrina, veni;
Perque gravem incessu Tethyn, rugasque seniles
Nereos oramus, Carpathiumque magum:
Per te squamosum concha Tritona recurva,
Per veteris Glauci carmina plena Deo;
Leucotheæque manus graciles, natumque regentem
Littora, perque Thetin gemmiferosque pedes;
Dulces Sirenum illecebras, mollita sororum
Carmina, per caræ funera Parthenopes,
Quæque adamantea residens in rupe, solutas
Pectine deducit pulchra Ligea comas:
Per quæcunque tuæ solita est sub margine lymphæ
Noctu virgineos ducere Nympha choros,
Surge, age, sublimis roseum caput effer ab unda
Pumiceumque tuum linque, Sabrina, torum.
Præcipites cohibe fluctus, precibusque vocata
Annue, neu verbis verba referre neges;
Audi igitur, tu nostra salus, te Diva precamur,
Audi, et supplicibus, Diva Sabrina, fave.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place did she rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field,
To mingle with the human race:
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face.

TENNYSON.

La Rosa.

DI se stessa invaghita, e del suo bello
Si specchiava la Rosa
In un limpido e rapido ruscello.
Quando d' ogni sua foglia
Un aura impetuosa
La bella Rosa spoglia.
Cascar' nel rio le foglie: e il rio fuggendo
Se le porta correndo:
E così la beltà
Rapidissimamente, oh Dio! sen va.

FRANCESCO DE LEMENE.

INSEDIT quondam Libertas ardua montes;
Fulmina sub nudo dissiluere pede.
Pura super tremula micuerunt sidera luce:
Aure bibit strepitus congredientis aquæ.
Sola sibi placuit divinæ conscia mentis;
Vix legeret fractos ventus ab ore sonos.
Descendit tandem camposque invisit et urbes,
Comis et humanum cœpit adire genus;
Detractoque minutatim velamine monstrat
Quot sibi sint veneres, quantus in ore decor.

EDWIN PALMER.

IPSA suæ rosa dum lætatur imagine formæ,
In speculum celeris despiciebat aquæ;
Quum subito zephyri violentior incidit aura,
Decussitque omnes vis inopina comas.
Iam capit exuvias rivus correptaque secum
Fert spolia, æternam quo secat ipse viam.
Haud aliter, miserum! tenero cadit ore venustas,
Tollitur et rapida forma colorque fuga.

EDWIN PALMER.

Macbeth.

WHAT is that noise ?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit.*)

M. I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaugh'trous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. (*Re-enter Seyton.*) Wherefore was that cry ?

S. The queen, my lord, is dead.

* * * * *

M. Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

SHAKSPEARE. *Macbeth*, v. 5, 7.

THE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,
The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
The earth sayeth to the earth : Those shall be ours.

Μα. Ἔα· τί τοῦτο;
Οἰκ. Θῆλυς ἦν, ὦναξ, βοή.
Μα. Χρόνος μὲν ἤδη δαρὸς ἐξότου φόβον
οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγε τίς ποτ' ἔστ', ἐπεὶ προτοῦ
μεσονυκτίοις βοαῖσι κῆρ ἐπήγνυτο
μῦθός τε γοερὸς ὀρθίαν ἵστη τρίχα
ὥστ' αὐτόπρεμνον δέρμα κινεῖσθαι δοκεῖν.
νῦν δ' ἐμπέπλησμαι τῶν κακῶν· τὰ δεινὰ δὲ
ἐμαῖσι φονέως φροντίσιν σύνεστ' ἀεί,
ὥστ' οὐδ' ἅπαξ τρέσαιμ' ἄν. ἡ βοὴ τίς ἦν;
Οἰκ. ἡ σὴ γυνὴ τέθνηκε· πάντ' ἀκήκοας.
Μα. σκιὰ βίος τοῖς ζῶσιν, ὑποκριτὴς μὲν οὖν
ὅστις κατ' ἦμαρ περιπατῶν σεμνύνεται
κᾆτ' ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἐφθάρη· κάλλιστα δ' ἂν
μύθῳ νιν εἰκάσειας ἐκμεμηνότος,
κομποῦντος ὀργῇ μέγαλ', ἀναυδήτῳ τὸ πᾶν.

EDWIN PALMER.

INCEDIT terra terrenus, fulgidus auro,
Terrenus terra, non ubi malit, abit.
Muros in terra terrenus ponit et arces,
Terrenus terræ, nostra, ait, ista manent.

E.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. Coleridge.

BIEN que Paul soit dans l'indigence,
Son envie et sa médisance
M'empeschent de le soulager.
Sa fortune est en grand désordre,
Il ne trouve plus à manger,
Mais il trouve toujours à mordre.

Charleval.

UNANIMI prima fuerant ætate sodales
    Subruit, heu, longam subdola lingua fidem:
Spinosumque iter est vitæ, præcepsque juventus:
    Nescia mutari numina sola manent:
Et subita incautos torquet dementia fratres,
    Ut semel est ira sollicitatus amor.
Talis et hos inter venit furor: aspera dictu
    Jecerat in fratrem frater uterque suum.
Dissiluere jugum nunquam reditura sub unum
    Pectora. Væ! quanto constitit ille dies.
Stant procul aversi: lacerum sed pectus utrique
    Vulnus habet; neutri subvenit alter amor.
Sic ubi divulsæ fracto stant vertice rupes,
    Improba quas mediis dividit unda fretis,
Fœderis antiqui nullum vestigia fulmen,
    Non sol æstivus, non abolebit hiems.

EDWIN PALMER.

PAULINUS est egenus, idem lividus
Paulinus est, magnaque maledicentia,
Nil igitur illi ferre solati queo.
Tantoque luxu patria perdidit bona,
Ut nil edendum suppetat; rei tamen
Paratum habebit affatim, quod mordeat.

E.

FOR deedes doe die, how ever nobly done,
And thoughts of men doe as themselves decay:
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.
In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen pillours never to be fired,
Or shrines made of the metal most desired
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortal immortalitie give?

SPENSER.

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

FORTIA facta premit senium noctisque sub umbras
Consilia humani funeris instar eunt.
Docta tamen paribus numeris decurrere verba
Pieridum cura tempus in omne manent:
His neque longa dies rapidæ nec sæva procellæ
Flamina, nec tristi verbere Livor obest.
Frustra Pyramidas tollunt ad sidera reges
Grandiaque immenso signa labore parant,
Et nunquam arsuras statuunt ex ære columnas
Splendidaque aurato nota sepulchra tholo,
Nomen ut æternum superet; mortalia nunquam
Immortale valent continuare decus.

EDWIN PALMER.

QUI nocet incluso murorum saxea moles?
Oppositi clathri quem cohibere valent?
Nempe ibi, si superest animi constantia puri,
Otia suppeditant et sine fraude quies.
Dum mihi tutus amor vinclo solvatur ab omni,
Dum liceat menti quamlibet ire fugam.
Angelica ipsa cohors, quæ pervolat ardua cœli,
Sorte potest nulla liberiore frui.

E.

AS when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off:—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole: at that he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps,
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams,
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo the stormy scream as she sails by:
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, but knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.

Epitafio d'Alessandro Magno.

CON nato in Pella, in Babilonia estinto;
Tutti, ô stranier, fuor che me stesso, ho vinto.

A. D'ELCI.

AC velut impositam nido pullosque foventem
Venator si forte aquilam conspexit in altis
Montibus, abruptas qua subrigit insula cautes
Cincta lacu, cœlique fuga convexa petentem
Fixit agens telis, certamque per avia prædam
Insequitur: redit ecce volans ex æquore conjux,
Desertosque procul nidos et frigida tecta
Agnovit, pennisque inhibet gyrisque minutis
Atque indignanti similis loca nota suosque
Circuit et magno absentem clamore reposcit.
Nequiquam. Procul illa domo convalle remota
Inter saxa jacet moriens; lethalis arundo
Hæret adhuc lateri: vanas sine corpore plumas
Misceri cumulo rapidisque undare putares
Flatibus. Ast illam jam non velut ante volantem
Unda lacus oculis reddet; non humidus atro
Mons latere horrisonas referet sub sidera voces.
Ut nidum ingentis luctus petit inscius ales,
Immotis sic Persa oculis sua damna tuetur
Inscius et patrio morientem vulnere natum.

EDWIN PALMER.

ILLE ego, qui Pellæ natus, Babylone peremptus,
Me præter, nequii dedomuisse nihil.

E.

Gratiano.

WHAT is the matter?

Othello. Behold, I have a weapon!
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast,
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

SHAKSPEARE, *Othello,* v. 2, 259.

TIS the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves on the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

Γ. Τί δ' ἔστι τοῦτο;

Ο. λεύσσεθ' ὡς ἔχω ξίφος
τοιοῦτον οἷον οὔτις ἀνθρώπων ποτε
μηρῷ προσῆψεν ἄλλος εἰς χρείαν μάχης.
ἤδη ποτ' αὐτὸς τῷδε σὺν ξίφει μόνος
πολλῷ πλέω κωλύματ' ἐξεκρουσάμην
ὧν φαίνεθ' ὑμεῖς· εἰς κενὸν δ' ἐκόμπασα·
τὰ δ' οὖν βέβηκε· μοῖρά τοι πάντων κρατεῖ.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ φοβεῖσθε, κἂν ἔχω ξίφος·
δρόμον γὰρ ἥκω τέρμα κἀφῖγμαι σκοποῦ
ναυτίλλομαι δὲ σῆμ' ὁρῶν πανύστατον.
ἆρ' ἐκπέπληχθε; τοὐξ ἐμοῦ κενὸν δέος.
ἅπαξ δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ὡς μαχούμενοι
φεύγειν μ' ἴδοιτ' ἄν· τίς δ' ἐμοὶ φυγὴ πάρα;

EDWIN PALMER.

SPIRAT adhuc vacuo, spirat rosa suavis, in horto,
Et comites, olim quæ viguere, dolet;
Reddere nec superest quæ jam suspiria possit,
Risibus aut risus consociare, soror.
Ergo erat ut viduo vellem te linquere culmo?
Dormit amor, dormit quicquid amoris erat.
Qua jacet ille, jace: licet hæc inodora recumbant,
Sit mihi marcentem spargere fronde torum.
Sic et amicitiæ flos marcet: hebescit amoris
Gemma senescentis; fugerit ille, sequar.
Fugit amor; languent extinctis pectora flammis;
Quis trahat ah! solo solus in orbe moras?

EDWARD WALFORD.

Μέγα τι σθένος ἁ Κύπρις ἐκφέρεται νίκας ἀεί.
καὶ τὰ μὲν θεῶν
παρέβαν, καὶ ὅπως Κρονίδαν ἀπάτασεν οὐ λέγω,
οὐδὲ τὸν ἔννυχον Ἅιδαν,
ἢ Ποσειδάωνα τινάκτορα γαίας·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τάνδ' ἄρ' ἄκοιτιν
τίνες ἀμφίγυοι κατέβαν πρὸ γάμων, τίνες
πάμπληκτα παγκόνιτά τ' ἐξῆλθον ἄεθλ' ἀγώνων.
ὁ μὲν ἦν ποταμοῦ σθένος, ὑψικέρω τετραόρου
φάσμα ταύρου,
Ἀχελῷος ἀπ' Οἰνιαδᾶν, ὁ δὲ Βακχείας ἄπο
ἦλθε παλίντονα Θήβας,
τόξα καὶ λόγχας ῥόπαλόν τε τινάσσων,
παῖς Δίος· οἳ τότ' ἀολλεῖς
ἴσαν ἐς μέσον ἱέμενοι λεχέων· μόνα δ'
εὔλεκτρος ἐν μέσῳ Κύπρις ῥαβδονομεῖ ξυνοῦσα.

SOPH. *Trach.* 497.

THE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,
The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
The earth sayeth to the earth: These shall be ours.

VICTORIARUM ferre solet decus
Magnum Dione. Victa ego numina
Iovisque decepti dolores
Prætereo Stygiumque Ditem,
Regemque, terræ cuspide qui solum
Quassat tremenda. Fas mihi dicere,
Qui propter insanos amores
Ancipitem subiere pugnam;
Hinc tauriformi fronte superbiens
Adstat, modo amnis nunc quadrupes, bovis
Conversus in formam, relinquens
Œniacas Achelöus undas.
Hinc ille Thebis impiger Hercules
Nutritus, arcus ex humero leves
Et tela suspendens; gravemque
Dextra quatit metuenda clavum;
Dis natus ipsis. Hi thalamum ruunt
Nymphæ expetentes. Quos Venus arbitra
Committit, incertumque pugnæ
Æqua regit variantis æstum.

EDWARD WALFORD.

Λαμπρὸς βέβηχ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἔπι,
ἄκων ἀπῆλθ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἄπο,
πύργους ἔδειμ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἔπι,
ἡμῖν τάδ' ἔσθ', ὁ γήϊνος τῇ γῇ λέγει.

E.

Τότ' ἦν χερός, ἦν δὲ τόξων πάταγος,
ταυρείων τ' ἀνάμιγδα κεράτων.
ἦν δ' ἀμφίπλεκτοι
κλίμακες, ἦν δὲ μετώπων ὀλόεντα
πλήγματα καὶ στόνος ἀμφοῖν.
ἁ δ' εὐῶπις ἁβρὰ
τηλαυγεῖ παρ' ὄχθῳ
ἧστο, τὸν ὃν προσμένουσ' ἀκοίταν.
ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἷα φράζω,
τὸ δ' ἀμφινείκητον ὄμμα νύμφας
ἐλεινὸν ἀμμένει·
κἀπὸ ματρὸς ἄφαρ βέβακεν,
ὥστε πόρτις ἐρήμα.

Soph. *Trach.* 516.

L'Agnello.

UN Agnel, che la madre e il genitore
Dal Lupo rio sbranati avea perduto,
Spargendo per la selva alto clamore
Domandava difesa ad ogni bruto.
Ebber tutti pietà del suo dolore;
Ma niuno offerse al suo dolore aiuto.
Dell' innocente oppresso dal più forte
Fuor della selva ancor questa è la sorte.

G. G. de Rossi.

TUM dextra dextræ telaque fervidis
Illisa telis: cornua tum bovi
Concussa; tunc in colla victor
Inque humeros onerosus hæsit.
Nec frons frequentes sustinuit diu
Infracta plagas. Tristior interim
Labentis in ripa fluenti,
Prospiciens nova bella, sedit,
Quem sors maritum mox dederit, sinu
Fotura conjux. Virgineus color
Et flos juventutis decoræ
Pulchrior e lacrymis refulsit.
Nunc et—sed istæc quid queror amplius?
Illa, ut relictis bucula vallibus,
Nunc præda victoris, protervo
Cruda viro, miseranda restat.

EDWARD WALFORD.

AGNUS tenellus, perditis parentibus,
Quem dente sævo infestus orbarat lupus,
Implebat omne lugubri questu nemus,
Cunctas precatus, ut darent opem, feras.
Nullam ferarum tantus haud movit dolor,
Opem dolenti nulla quæsitam tulit.
Sic, innocentem cum premit superbia,
Fit sæpe, nec fit illud in sylvis modo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

La mort de Chauvin.

CHAUVIN sonnant sur Seine ses aubades
Donna tel aise aux gentilles Naïades,
Que l'ung pour tons des aquatiques dieux
Parla ainsy : le ton melodieux
De ce Chauvin, frères, nous pourroit nuire
Par traict de temps et nos femmes seduire
Iusqu' à les faire yssyr de la clere unde
Pour habiter la terre large et ronde.
Ne feit au chant de son psalterion
Sortir des eaux les dauphins Arion ?
Ne tira pas Orpheüs Eurydice
Hors des enfers ? Cela nous est indice
Que cestuy-ci, qui mieulx que ces deux sonne,
Et qui tant est gratieuse personne,
Nous pourroit bien nos nymphes suborner.
Ces mots finyz, se prinrent à tourner
Ces dieux jaloux autour de la nasselle
Du bon Chauvin et renversans icelle,
L'ont en leurs eaux plongé et suffocqué
Puis chascun d'eulx des nymphes s'est mocqué
En leur disant : Venez, dames, venez,
Voici Chauvin, que si cher vous tenez :
Commandez lui que danser il vous face.
Lors le baisant ainsy mort en la face,
Toutes sur luy de leurs yeulx espandirent
Nouvelles eaux, et après le rendirent
Dessouz la terre ez mains de ses amys
Qui l'ont ensemble en sepulture mys.

CL. MAROT.

SEQUANICUM ad flumen cithara Calvinus eoa
  Naiadum cecinit carmina grata choro:
Ast ita subter aquas Divis ex omnibus unus,
  En, socii, doctum, quod facit iste, melos:
Hæc olim poterunt nobis mala multa movere,
  Et nitidis nymphas elicuisse vadis.
Forsitan et cupiant nos deliquisse sub undis
  Arvaque terrestris lata habitare plagæ.
Scilicet e pelago traxit delphinas Arion,
  Et docuit blandæ carmina amare lyræ;
Eurydicen Orpheus imo revocavit ab Orco,
  Indicio moniti discite recta, dei.
Iste etenim superat cantando doctior ambos,
  Oraque præstanti vix minus arte placent:
Nempe potest talis nostras quoque fallere nymphas:
  Dixerat ille: omnes iraque amorque rapit.
Ilicet in vatem Divom convolvitur agmen,
  Effunditque in aquas cymba reversa virum.
Illum letifero merserunt gurgite raptum,
  Inque vices probris increpuere deas:
En agite, o Nymphæ, venit Calvinus, adeste,
  Præsto est, quem tanto suestis amore sequi.
Quin illum citharam ad choreas aptare jubetis;
  Oscula sed tacitis dat dea quæque labris.
Tunc oculis cunctæ lacrymas, nova flumina, fundunt,
  Littoreoque virum restituere solo,
Sic comitem excipiunt comites, pia turba, priores
  Et faciunt una debita jura rogo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

TITANUM soboles, socia nostri sanguinis
Generata cœlo, aspicite religatum asperis
Vinctumque saxis, navem ut horrisono freto
Noctem paventes timidi adnectunt navitæ,
Saturnius me sic infixit Jupiter,
Jovisque numen Mulcibri adscivit manus:
Hos ille cuneos fabrica crudeli inserens
Perrupit artus, qua miser sollertia
Transverberatus castrum hoc Furiarum incolo.
Jam tertio me quoque funesto die,
Tristi advolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus,
Jovis satelles pastu dilaniat fero;
Tum jecore opimo farta et satiata affatim
Clangorem fundit vastum, et sublime avolans
Pinnata cauda nostrum adulat sanguinem.

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. 23.

Der Greis.

NEARCH ist lahm, ist blind, ist taub,
Ist halb schon der Verwesung Raub
Und längst die Beute schlauer Erben.
Wann wird der todte Mann doch sterben?

WEISSER.

Ἀλλ' Οὐρανοῦ φίτυμα, Τιτάνων γένος,
κήδευμ' ὅμαιμον, ἴδετέ μ' ἐν στυφλαῖς πέτραις
δεδεμένον ὧδε καὶ πεπασσαλευμένον,
ναύτης τις ὡς καθῆψε πόντιον σκάφος
ἐν βαρυβρόμῳ ῥηγμῖνι, τῆς νυκτὸς φόβῳ,
οὕτως ὁ Κρόνιος Ζεύς μ' ἐπήξατ' ἐνθάδε,
ὁ Ζεὺς γὰρ αὐτὸς ὥπλισ' Ἡφαίστου χέρας,
ὃς σφῆνας ὤμους ἐμβαλὼν τούτους τέχνῃ
ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα, τῇ δὲ χειρωναξίᾳ
διάτορος οἴκου τόνδ' Ἐρινύων ἔχω·
σκήψας δὲ λυπρῶς μ' ἡμερῶν τριῶν διὰ
διεσπάραξ' ὁ Ζηνὸς ὠμηστὴς κύων,
κἄπειτα πλησθεὶς ἥπατος δημοῦ τ' ἄδην
δεινὴν βοὴν ἀφῆκε, κἀκπετούμενος
οὐρᾷ πτερωτῷ τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκμάσσει φόνον.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

SURDUS Nearchus cæcus et claudus pede
Ex altera jam parte corporis perit:
Dudum Nearchum captat heredum cohors;
Quando Nearchus mortuus volet mori?

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Sic vos non vobis.

PORTA il buon villanel da strania riva
Sovra gli omeri suoi pianta novella,
E col favor della più bassa stella
Fa che risorga nel suo campo, e viva:
Indi 'l sole e la pioggia e l' aura estiva
L' adorna e pasce e la fa lieta e bella,
Gode 'l cultore e sè felice appella,
Che delle sue fatiche al premio arriva.
Ma i pomi un tempo a lui serbati e cari
Rapace mano in breve spazio toglie;
Tanta è la copia degl' ingordi avari.
Così, lasso, in un giorno altri mi toglie
Il dolce frutto di tanti anni amari,
Ed io rimango ad odorar le foglie.

FRANCESCO BECCUTI.

I HOLD that man the worst of public foes,
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house.
For being through his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She, like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devils' leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns!
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people and their bane.

TENNYSON.

RUSTICUS arboream stirpem, non ante repertam,
 Rettulit externo, pondere lætus, agro.
Rure suo adlatum posuit: cœloque favente
 Hactenus ignoto pullulat illa solo.
Brachia Sol pluviæque almisque Favonius au 's
 Condecorant: læto numine pulchra vi· ·t.
Jam, felix operæ, cultor sua poma rec· use t,
 Gaudiaque ingenti digna labore rapit.
Sed, quibus immoritr· captus dulcedine, fructus
 Sustulit abroptos furis avara manus.
Scilicet haud defit furum mala copia; at ipsi
 Sic mihi post operam fructus inanis abit.
Nam subiens alter duros sperata per annos
 Poma rapit: tantum frondibus ipse fruor.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Οὗτος μέν ἐστιν, ὡς ἐμοὶ κριτῇ, πόλει
ἔχθιστος, ὅστις ἢ τέκνων κέρδος σκοπῶν
ἢ καὐτὸς αὐτοῦ, δημόθρουν τ' ὀκνῶν ψόγον,
γυναῖκ', ἄπιστον ἐξελεγχθεῖσαν σαφῶς
δόμοισιν οἰκουροῦσαν ἐμμένειν ἐᾷ·
ἐκ τῆς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δειλίας ἔτ' ἐντελὴς
μένουσα κεδνὴ πανταχοῦ νομίζεται,
ἕρπει δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς νόσημά τι
νεοσπόρητον, οὐδέ τις φυλάσσεται.
πονηρὰ δ' ἀστράπτουσ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βέλη
πιστῶν θ' ὑφεῖλε τὴν προθυμίαν φίλων
φρένας τε κινεῖ δυσθέοις σκιρτήμασι,
νέους τε πάντας ὤλεσ', ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος.
ἀλλ' ἐκ κακῶν κάκιστον, εἰ τοιοῦτος ὢν
τὰ σκῆπτρα νωμᾷ· τοίγαρ ἥδιον δρακεῖν
δόμους τ' ἀΐστους φρενοβόρους τ' ἀλγηδόνας
ἢ καί σ' ἀνιδρυθεῖσαν ἐμφανεῖ θρόνῳ·
γέλων ἐμοῖς ἀστοῖσι καὶ νόσημ' ἅμα.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

A l'Espérance.

O CHARMANTE Espérance,
O source du plaisir,
Tu m'apportes d'avance
Un riant avenir.

Et si ton allégresse
Ne garde toujours foi,
Toujours, belle déesse,
Je suis fidèle à toi.

Les maux, que je regrette,
Tu bannis de mon cœur;
Va cherche ma Ninette,
Fais aussi son bonheur.

La trouves-tu cruelle,
Ne songe-t-elle à moi,
Reste à jamais chez elle,
Car je renonce à toi.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

SHELLEY.

Ἐλπὶς, θεὰ γλυκίστη,
χαρᾶς τε νᾶμα πάσης,
σύ μοι φθάνεις προχείρους
τὰς ἡδονὰς φέρουσα·

κεἰ, κουφόνους τις οὖσα,
ψεύδεις μέ σου κλύοντα,
ἐγὼ, καλὴ Θέαινα,
σοὶ πιστὸς ἂν μένοιμι.

τἀλγήμαθ', ἃμὲ δάκνει
τὴν καρδίαν, διώκεις·
ἔλθ' ἐλθὲ πρὸς Νέαιραν
ποίει δὲ χάρμα καὐτῇ.

ἣν δύσκολον δ' ἐφεύρῃς
καὶ τἀμὰ μὴ φρονοῦσαν,
μίμν' εἰσαεὶ παρ' αὐτῇ,
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ μελήσεις.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

QUUM tacet argutus fidicen, modulamina cantus
In memori resonant corde reposta tamen.
Quum marcent violæ, fragrantis spiritus auræ
Sensibus in vivis, quos tetigere, manet.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse; and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait a while, and see the calm leaves float,
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop for them of kindly influence found.

KEBLE.

SOL rubet, occiduam vix tangens lumine silvam,
  Fusca premit campos jam breviorque dies.
Pallet et eoum tenui quæ cinxerat auro
  Lux nemus: inque vicem nox tenebrosa subit.

Ultima venator lassus modulamina tentat,
  Vox nemorum ingeminat consociata "Vale:"
Respice sed frondes placida tam morte caducas;
  Cuique parens arbos, quæ tegit et tumulum.

Lene cadit sic nostra ætas: sed veris honores
  Illis alterius non sinit esse Deus.
Qua cecidere, jacent; faciat nec funera quisquam;
  Frondibus hæc sors est, non meliora rogant.

Mox tamen hic verni resonabunt aëre cantus,
  Mille dabit circa florea serta nemus—
Rore novo gemmæ revirescent; omnia ut olim
  Deliciæ et læti gaudia veris erunt.

Sed nihil his superest: perierunt, inscia turba;
  Quicquid agunt homines, hos manet una quies;
Sic neque sunt nobis curæ, neque munera norunt
  Dulcia quæ cœli gratia fundit humi.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.

THUS was this place,
A happy rural seat of various views:
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 246.

Epitaph.

IN this marble casket lies
A matchless jewel of rich price;
Whom Nature, in the world's disdain,
But showed, and put it up again.

Ην μὲν ἥδε σοι πόλεως ἄπο
ἕδρα καλὴ, διδοῦσα παντοίαν θέαν·
ἄλση γὰρ ἦν εὔδενδρα, πεύκινον δάκρυ
στάζοντ' ἀπ' ὄζων, βαλσάμου τ' εὐοσμίαν·
καὶ τῇδε λειμὼν, τῇδε πλὰξ λευρὰ δι'
δένδρων ἐφαίνετ', ἐν δὲ ποιμνίων νομαὶ,
φοίνιξ τ' ἐπ' ὄχθοις·—εἶτα καὶ κόλπου νάπη
ἐξ ἀνθεμώδους ὕδασι διάβροχος ῥόδον
κέντροις ἄφρακτον, ποικίλον τ' ἀνθῶν γάνος,
ἥδιστα θησαυρίσματ' ἐκδίδωσ' ἀεί.
ταῦτ' ἐκλιπόντι δάσκι' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα
σπηλαῖά τ' ἄντρων καὶ μύχους ψυκτηρίους,
ἐφ' οἷς ἔβλαστε καὶ παρερπύζουσ' ἀβρῶς
σταφυλὴν τίθησιν ἄμπελος μελάγχιμον.
κἀν τῷδε πολλῶν δοχμίαν κλιτὺν διὰ
οὐκ ἀψόφητος λείβεται κρηνῶν ῥόος,
εἴτ' οὖν ἀφάντων μυρίοισι ῥεύμασιν,
εἴτ' ἐς κάτοπτρον ὑαλινὸν λίμνης, ὅθι
ὄχθαι διπλοῦνται μυρσίναις ἐστεμμέναι,
κάλλιστα συμβάλλουσι παμμίκτους ῥοάς.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.

GEMMA hac marmorea latet sub arca
Omni ditior æstimatione,
Quam nostro generi dei invidentes
Monstratam semel abdidere rursum.

E.

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, and from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow;
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game,
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap;
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook.

THOMSON.

Épitaphe d'un Ami.

CI-GÎT qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,
Et jusques au tombeau des amis le modèle;
Il ne me quitta pas quand je perdis mon bien.
—C'était un homme unique!—Hélas! c'était mon chien!

EDMUND DALLIER.

QUUM rapido Phœbus radio tepefecit ad imum
Flumina, vimque dei sentit genus omne natantum,
Linque domum, lætusque dolos artemque parato:
Præsertim si jam Zephyri spirantibus auris
Nubila transcurrunt altum volitantia cœlum.
Tuque exquire locum, quo jam miscerier alto
Lympha fugax trepidat stagno, aut spumantibus undis
Obstanti insultat lapidi, ripamve cavatam
Effugit, obliquatque vias iteratque relictas;
Huc ubi fallacem tenui libramine muscam
Miseris et multa retro circumtrahis arte,
Contemplator; aquas summas aurasque videbis,
Sive fames hoc sive animus suadebit inanis,
Tentare et saltu piscem captare rapacem
Escam hami; tu deinde insta celer ipse, manuque
Leniter admota simul hamum infige recurvum.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.

HIC jacet ingenioque fideque insignis; amoris
Exemplar veri mortis ad usque diem.
Quum mea perdideram, non me tamen ille reliquit:
—O hominem rarum!—Væ, canis ille fuit.

E.

POOR child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace:
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

CAMPBELL.

Trost.

WENN dich die Lästerzunge sticht,
So lass dir dies zum Troste sagen;
Die schlechtsten Früchte sind es nicht
Woran die Wespen nagen.

BÜRGER.

DURA pericla ferens, immitis alumne procellæ,
Tristia cui frangunt fata virile decus.
Saxa ratem quassam fluctus ventique morantur,
Corque tuum mœret, sunt tua tecta procul.
Spes tamen excubias agitat sub lumine Lunæ,
Spes magica pontum voce levare potest.
Et citius currente poli per sidera rima
Pervigilem mentem gaudia visa fovent.
En! juga se tollunt terræ dilecta paternæ,
En! resonans olim carmine silva patet;
En! humilisque domus parvæque antenna carinæ
Cumque lacu vitreo florea vallis adest.
Omnia pervolitant animum, ventoque secundo,
Unde abiit mœstus littora nauta tenet;
Quo se cunque ferat, vultus agnoscit amicos,
Conjugis et tandem currit ad ora suæ,
Quumque genas Helenes flentis per gaudia tersit,
Suspirans natos pignora cara fovet.
Quin etiam exceptus post tædia longa salutat
Ridentem dominum, qua valet arte, canis;
Dumque oculi celeres huc illuc hospitis errant,
Ore sequens cupido dicere tentat Ave.

RICHARD ELWYN.

TENE malus rodit livor? sic collige tecum:
Nec vespa ex hortis pessima quæque petit.

E.

THE current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKSPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 7. 25.

AT last,
Far in the horizon to the north, appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition: for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 78.

Τὸ νᾶμ' ὃ κινεῖν ἥσυχον ψόφον φιλεῖ
εἰρχθὲν, σάφ' οἶσθα, δεινὸν ἐκφυσᾷ μένος·
ἀλλ' εἰ ῥέοντι μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν πάρα
σύμφωνα σὺν ψήφοισι ποικίλλει μέλη.
φυτῶν ὅσ' ὄχθαις ἐμπεφυκότ' ἐν πλάνοις
προσῆλθεν ἠπίοισι χείλεσιν θιγόν,
οὕτως τ' ἀποῤῥεῖ κρυφθὲν ἐν πολλαῖς πτυχαῖς
ἥδιστα παῖζον εἰς θάλασσαν ἀγρίαν·
καὶ νῦν ἰοῦσαν μὴ σὺ κωλύσῃς ἐμέ,
ὡς γὰρ τὸ νᾶμα ῥεύσομαι μάλ' ἡσύχως.
ὁδοί τε μακραὶ παιδιὰ δόξουσί μοι
ἕως ἂν εὑροῦσ' ἄνδρα φίλτατον τύχω·
κἄπειτα παῦλαν, ὥς τις ἐν τοῖς νερτέροις
ψυχὴ λυθεῖσα τῶν πόνων, εὑρήσομαι.

RICHARD ELWYN.

Ἤδη πρὸς Ἄρκτον τηλόθεν προὐφαίνετο,
ἐκ τερμάτων πρὸς τέρματ' αἰθέρος ταθεὶς,
χῶρός τις αἴθων κεὶς μάχην τεταγμένος.
τἄμπροσθεν ὀρθαῖς οὐρανὸς λογχῶν ἀκμαῖς
ἀνηρίθμων ἔφριξε, πολλά τ' ἦν ἰδεῖν
σὺν ποικίλοισιν ἀσπίδων κύκλοις κράνη,
λαμπρῶν ἔχουσι σημάτων κομπάσματα.
χωρεῖ γὰρ ἐγγὺς συμμιγὴς ἐχθρῶν στρατὸς,
ὅσον τάχιστα δεινὸν ἐκπνέων Ἄρη,
αὐχῶν κατ' ἰσχὺν ἢ δόλοις αὐθήμερον
ὅρους κρατήσειν οὓ καθιζάνει Θεός,
καὶ τὸν φθονοῦντα κἀκδίκως ὑπέρφρονα
τὸν Ἐχθρὸν ἱεροῖς ἐγκαταστήσειν θρόνοις.
μεσοῦντα δ' αὐτῶν ἐσφάλη βουλεύματα.

RICHARD ELWYN.

WHILE thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd;
A fine-spoken, underbred fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
"Why what have we here? why, this is good eating:
Your own, I suppose? or is it in waiting?"
"Why whose should it be?" said I, with a flounce;
"I get these things often," (though that was a bounce)
"Some lords, my acquaintance, who settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind: but I hate ostentation."
"Ay, that is the case, then," said he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken your house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me,
No words, I insist on't precisely at three.
We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now as I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you, a pasty? you shall and you must;
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust:
Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile End.
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
So snatching his hat, he was off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

GOLDSMITH.

THE swallow 's a quick arrow, that may show
With what an instant swiftness life doth flow.

HOLYDAY.

HAS mecum meditor curas, et totus in his sum:
Cum subito irrumpit quidam, vix nomine notus,
Scurra dicax; sibi si voluissem credere, amicus
Ut mihi nusquam alius. Tunc ridens, meque, ferinamque
Arripiens oculis, "Unde, o carissime," clamat,
"Unde tibi hæc tam pulchra obsonia? cuive parantur?"
Ipse, indignanti similis, "Cuine ista parentur
Dona, rogas?—Misere mihi hæc, qui plurima mittant
Talia, primores populi—jactantior æquo
Ne videar, nolim ista loqui—queis utor amicis."
Falsa quidem hæc, fateor. Contra hic, "Feliciter," inquit
Exultans, "hodie tetigi tua limina; mecum
Cras eris; ad nonam mecum cœnare necesse est.
Sic volo, sic jubeo. Varius tibi, Virgiliusque,
Una aderunt, pluresque; tuus, si notior esset
Mæcenas nobis, simul afforet. Et mihi si quid
Credis, adhuc cœnæ deerant obsonia. Nosti
Quid Caiæ sapiant nostræ pulmenta? Ferinæ
Sic melius quod habes—sic Di voluere—coquetur.
Desine—nulla tibi est, carissime, causa sequendi.
I puer, et mecum hæc propera deferre Suburram."
Tum subito, abripiens sese, fugit ocyor alis
Ventorum—puer atque obsonia nostra sequuntur.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.

ALES hirundo volat dimissæ more sagittæ,
Scilicet hinc discas, quam cito vita fluat.

E.

UNDER foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem; other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* iv. 700.

MANY a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet,* i. 1. 137.

SUB pedibus violæ ferrugineique hyacinthi
Distinxere solum, quod versicoloribus herbis
More pavimenti gemmis radiantis et auro
Emicuit: non hic volucres, non sæcla ferarum,
Aut tenues muscæ, genus aut ignobile vermes,
Nulla sacrum audebant animalia vincere limen,
Usque adeo obtutus hominum defixa timebant;
Nec non sacra magis neque opacior umbra patebat,
Pan ubi Silvanusque Pater, seu quisquis inani
Agrestes animos Deus olim numine lusit,
Gaudebant lassi levibus se dedere somnis.

CHARLES PEARSON.

Οὐ νῦν κατ' ὄρθρον πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
ἀνδρῶν ἐς ὄψιν ἦλθεν, ὥς ποθ' ἥσυχα
δρόσους νεώρεις αὐξάνοι δακρύμασι.
θρήνων τ' ἀνιεὶς αἰθέρια φυσήματα
πρὸς τοῖσι νέφεσιν ἄλλα προσβάλλει νέφη·
εὖτ' ἂν δὲ πρῶθ' ὁ πάντα θερμαίνων θεὸς
δηλοῖ πρόσωθεν, ὡς ἀναπτύξων πάλιν
Ἠοῦς κνεφαῖα δεμνίων πετάσματα,
ἤδη ποθ' οὑμὸς παῖς ὁ δύσθυμος φυγῇ
φάους ἄποπτος εἰς δόμους κλέπτει πόδα,
ἔσω δὲ θαλάμων κλῄσεται μόνος μόνων,
μοχλοῖς δ' ἀπείρξας ἁγνὸν ἡμέρας φάος
ἐμήσαθ' οὕτως εὐφρονὴν οὐκ εὐφρονήν.
πῶς δ' οὐ δύσορνις δύσποτμός θ' ὁ νῦν τρόπος
ἀνδρὸς γένοιτ' ἄν, μὴ φρενῶν εὐβουλίᾳ
ἀφανοῦς λυθείσης αἰτίας, ἥτις κυρεῖ.

CHARLES PEARSON.

NO marble statüe, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be raised
To hide its head within the skie!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be Thou only praised!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great;
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O' th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out against the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to wormes?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternitie! why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame i' th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide, which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea,
To level vastest buildings low
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbes like a thief away.

No laurel wreath around my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd both and conqu'ror bow,
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

HABINGTON.

NEC signa forma marmorea mihi,
Moles nec alte condita verticem
Extollat in nubes: futuræ
Cur repetam monumenta famæ?

Laudem mereris tu Deus unicam!
Prosternis horæ tempore gloriam
Regum superborum, decori
Nominis abripiens honores.

Tu, quicquid orbem clarius obtinet,
Tu nube condis letifera, Deus!
Num semper obstabit ruenti
Artis opus miserum procellæ?

Num forma cordi possit ahenea
Sensum futuræ tradere gloriæ,
Invisa quod vermes caterva
Jam propriam tenuere sedem?

Cæca triumphans stultitia, decus
Cur inde famæ perpetuum rapis?
Nonne æstus in pontum recedens
Grandis aquas humiles resorbet?

Sic furis instar, sic abit in mare,
Ripas per omnes qui modo fervidus
Surgebat, indignam tropæis
Et domibus minitans ruinam.

Mortale laurus ne decoret caput!
Tu laude dignus! te dominum ferunt
Et victor et victus minores:
Te sine depereunt uterque!

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.

NO cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues:
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And, hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
Most melancholy bird! O idle thought;
In nature there is nothing melancholy!
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch, fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows), he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE dying mole, some say, opens his eyes:
The rich, till 'tis too late, will not be wise.

HOLYDAY.

JAM nebulæ Hesperiis devexi et solis imago
Decessere plagis: tenuis nec in æthere lucet
Balteus, et tremuli jam dudum abiere colores;
En age! muscoso recubemus ponte quieti:
Cernis ut ante pedes niteat pellucidus amnis,
Murmur abest: tacito percurrit flumine rivus
Gramine prætextas ripas: silet undique tellus.
Fragrantes redolent nocturnis flatibus auræ:
Astraque si nimium pallenti luce refulgent,
Jam vernos animis iterum revocabimus imbres,
Infusis pluviis ubi gaudet terra virescens,
Stellarumque animis referet nova gaudia pallor.
Heus! iterum jam voce nemus Philomela canora
Personat, arguto mæstissima gutture cantans,
Judice te tristis! quanta o fallacia verbi.
Nil mæsti, nil progenuit Natura creatrix.
Noctivagus quidam, memori quem mente repostum
Usque recens lædebat et insanabile vulnus,
Aut neglectus amor, tardive injuria morbi:
Quique miser spatium omne sui complere, sonosque
Ipse suum voluit molles narrare dolorem:
Tristia non alius tum primum hæc carmina finxit
Notaque jam multi referunt mendacia vates.

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.

TALPA, ita fama refert, oculos moritura recludit;
Divitibus ratio, non nisi sera, venit.

E.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there!

BURNS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove:
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

Fidem mutatosque deos flebit.

CRAS oceani petam remotas
Et quacunque feri, petam, fragores
Undarum Borea strepunt strepente;
Mecum solus ibi nefanda facta
Flebo—solus ibi colam quietem:
Donec mors misero dabit sepulchro
Conclusos oculos, et acquiescam.
Plusquam fœmineis dolis dolosa,
An tot vota, homines deosque testes,
Ferri flaminibus mihi dedisti?
I nunc et Lycidæ feras amores—
Pyrrhæ ludibrio suus sit Arcas—
I nunc, junge jocos—sinu sub imo
Te læsæ Nemesis manet fidei.

ROBERT HENNIKER.

EST procul e triviis sedes bene nota columbis,
Unde trahit nomen proxima ripa suum.
His virgo in latebris laudantum verba fefellit,
Vix adeo pauci, queis coleretur, erant.

Tegmine sic violæ sublucet purpura nigræ
Sicubi muscoso semisepulta jacet:
Sic quoque fulget honos stellæ, quum sola per auras
Emicuit, comitum deficiente choro.

Vix paucis aderat miseræ vox nuntia famæ,
Phyllida quum terris abstulit atra dies;
Sed jacet in tumulo, mihi quo discrimine notum est,
Nam jacet in damnum væ mihi! rapta meum.

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.

IT was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and saw
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone: and all about me,
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star:
And in the town no other light was there
But from those stars—all seem'd to come from thence.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause,
Are imaged here as kings. He, furthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead,—it is Saturn:
He opposite the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle,—that is Mars;
And both these bring but little luck to men."

COLERIDGE.

TWIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference known:
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

HERRICK.

NESCIO quid miri trepidantes occupat artus
Quum de sole meos nigrantia lumina primum
Accepere gradus. Jam jam radiique sequaces
Conduntur valvis claudentibus—omnia circum
Pallida nox horrore tegit visendaque muris
Pariete surrexere modis umbracula rerum.
Membra giganteis hic tollunt vasta columnis
Ordine sex reges, pariterque in cornua flectunt;
Omnes sceptra ferunt, capiti sedet omnibus astrum:
At circum tenebræ, nisi qua sibi luce maligna
Astra nitent sublustre et densior ingruit horror.
Continuo ille senex "errantia lumina cœli,
Fatorum reges, ergo simulamine regum
Hic umbrata vides;" dixit "procul ille gravatus
Frigidus invidiaque senex et tristior annis,
Cui rugis frons scabra et duro livida curvo,
Adspice,—Saturnus. Contra qui lumine rubro
Ardet dira tuens armisque in bella—Gradivus;
Numina terrigenum haudquaquam felicia sæclis."

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.

REGES tyrannosque inter illud interest;
Sibi tyranni consulunt, reges suis.

E.

THOU bid'st me sing the lay I sung to thee
In other days, ere joy had left this brow,
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
How different feels the heart that breathes them now.
The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
We saw this morning on its stem so gay;
But ah! the dew of dawn, that breath which came
Like life o'er all its leaves, has pass'd away.

Since first thy music touch'd thy heart and mine
How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last:
And though that lay would like the voice of home
Breathe o'er our ears, 'twould waken now a sigh,—
Ah! not as then for fancied woes to come,—
But sadder far for real bliss gone by.

MOORE.

Α μοῖρ' ἁ κρυερὰ τὼ καλὼ παῖδ' Ἀφροδίτας
ἥρπασε, τῶν καλῶν τίς κόρος ἐστ' Ἄϊδι;
ἀλλὰ σύ γ', Ἀγγελία, τὸν ἀήδεα μῦθον ἔχουσα,
βάσκ' ἴθι παγκοίταν εἰς Ἀΐδαο δόμον.
λέξον δ', ὦ δαῖμον, τὰν καλὰν ὤλεσας ἄγραν,
οὐ γὰρ τὰς ψυχὰς οὐδὲ τὰ σώματ' ἔχεις·
αἱ μὲν γὰρ ψυχαὶ μετέβησαν ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν,
σώματα δ' ἐν γαίᾳ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχει.

Anthol. Gr.

QUÆ, quum cura hilari nondum sub fronte sedebat,
Carmina cantabam, nunc iterare jubes.
At quamvis eadem referat modulamina cantus,
Ah! quam mutatum cor recinentis erit.
Salva stirpe quidem rosa mane efflabat odores,
En! eadem religat jam tibi nocte comas.
Qua vero afflabat vitalem spiritus auram,
Matutinus abest ros periitque decor.
Ex quo tu nostras tetigisti carmine mentes,
Gaudia quot nobis quotque fuere mala.
Illa quidem meliora ac quæ mansura fuerunt,
Perpetua hæc omnes nube timenda dies.
Et quamvis memores vox illa attingeret aures,
Grata domum revocans præteritosque dies,
Tristia sub nostro suspiria corde moveret,
Non tamen ignaris, quod tulit ante, mali:
Tum modo venturi suspiria vana dolores,
Nunc, ploranda magis! gaudia rapta cient.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

MORTE abrepta mala Veneris jacet optima proles,
Optima quæque rapit mortis avara manus.
At tu, Fama, quidem duri prænuntia fati,
Invisum hospitium, limina Ditis adi.
Et refer: Optatæ fugiunt te, pessime, prædæ,
Non puerorum animas pulchra neque ossa tenes.
Namque animæ cœli petierunt ostia: tellus
Corpora tranquillo vincta sopore tegit.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale;
But is his heart as true?

These wild wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

BURNS.

NONNE vides, mea Delia, ut hic nemus omne virescit,
  Purpureo ut violæ ripa colore nitet?
Ad lucem Zephyris flos quisque vocantibus exit
  Atque tuas agitat molliter aura comas:

Non ubi regifico resplendent atria luxu,
  Ast humiles supra cantat alauda casas:
Munera nec solis fundit natura tyrannis,
  Gaudia pastori præbuit æqua manu.

Et quamvis, ubi multa aulæ dat lumina tæda,
  Percutiat plectro dextra perita lyram,
Non minus agresti modulatus arundine carmen
  Per sylvas calamum tangere pastor amat.

Forsitan et nostros mensæ conviva superbæ
  Despiciat ludos ruricolumque choros.
Num vacat hic cura, num gaudia concipit intra,
  Qualia sub corylis pectora nostra movent?

Agricola in pratis cantu profitetur amorem,
  Scilicet agricolæ carmen agreste sonat:
His meliora canet magna nutritus in aula,
  Num pariter stabit religione fides?

Hos tibi sylvestres decerpsi ruris honores:
  Digna utinam niveo sint ea serta sinu!
Dona licet pretiosa ignem testentur Iolæ,
  Non ille, ut Corydon, totus amore flagrat.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

Epitaph in West Firle Churchyard, Sussex, on a young School Teacher.

TRAINED for a better world, yet here below
'Twas not permitted thee to point the way,
Where childhood's tottering steps might safely go
To reach the threshold of eternal day:
This was denied thee: but to thee was given
To see more plainly thine own path to heaven.

AH! fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste:
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new,
And follow fate which would too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness;
They all enjoy, and nothing spare,
But on their mother Nature lay their care.

Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

DRYDEN.

IPSA parata sequi cœlestis gaudia vitæ,
 Tu voluisti alios hæc docuisse sequi.
Nec tua sors pueris infirmos ducere gressus,
 Qua patet æternæ janua tuta die.
Non Pater hoc dederat: dederat modo limina cœli
 Cernere qua posses ipsa adiisse via.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

EHEU! lætitiæ breves
 Ut marcent! celerique ut fugiunt pede!
At nos accelerare iter
 Conamur; veluti vita hominum breves
Absint sollicitudines,
 Semper nos alias quærimus inscii,
Fortunam et petimus malam,
 Quæ pennis nimium præpetibus volat,
Et nos insequitur cita.
 Audisne ut volucres undique cantubus
Lætis delicias suas
 Ramis concelebrent! omnia prodiga
Quæ natura dedit manu
 Decerpunt avide; matris et in sinu
Naturæ impositas leves
 Curas dejiciunt. Quidne homines ita,
Quos æque volucrum genus
 Agnoscit dominos, et pecudes feræ,
Jam multas cupiunt pati
 Curas, innumeri queis famuli carent?

HERBERT CHARLES MALKIN.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain—

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain;
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be.

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

BURNS.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

FLETCH

ULTIMA discedens rapuit mihi basia Damon,
Summaque per montis culmina carpsit iter;
Effugitque simul mea cum Damone voluptas,
Et corde in læso nil nisi luctus inest.

Parcite dilecto, spirantes æthere venti,
Parcat et effusis turbidus imber aquis;
Quum cadis e cœlo, candentis velleris instar,
Parce viatori, sæva pruina, meo.

Omnia cum tenebris per terras Vesper obumbrat,
Atque tegit pulchri lumina læta die,
Tutus et incolumis per noctis dormiat horas,
Et nova surgenti gaudia mane ferat.

Dilectæ ante oculos occurret forma puellæ,
Lingua susurrabit nomina cara Chloes;
Nam quæcumque vagans ignota ad littora oberret,
Damonis repetent pectora fida domum.

HERBERT CHARLES MALKIN.

MITTE supervacuas jam tandem mitte querelas,
Lapsa fugit lacrymis irrevocanda dies.
Decerptæ violæ quamvis gratissimus imber
Nec recreat formam, nec renovare valet:
Ergo iterum religa crines, nova gaudia vultu
Sume; nefas cæcos Sortis adire sinus.
Lætitiæ somni vanescunt more fugacis,
Num luctus vitam proroget usque suam?
Mærorem gemitus duplicato vulnere torquent,
Desine jam tandem desine, Chlori, queri.

E.

WHEN evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the slumbrous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout,
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

MILTON.

Εἴ τις ἅπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει
ναυηγὸς πλώει δὶς βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

Anthol. Gr.

TUM mea, cum prima rebus nox ingruit umbra,
Montem et sacratos lustrant vestigia fines:
Necdum compositis spirantes frondibus auræ
Mane cient subita tacitam dulcedine silvam,
Necdum rauca altos pertemptant cornua dumos,
Primus ego plantas numeratas ordine justo
Carminibus viso pollens et munere vocum:
Ast intempesta mortales languida sensus
Cum pressit sub nocte quies, his auribus adsunt
Carmina Sirenum concordia divinarum,
Quæ servant novies intextos orbibus orbes,
Et vim Parcarum dulci lenimine semper
Mulcent, atque manus vitalia fila tenentes,
Uno adamanteum vertentes impete fusum,
Fata ex quo pendent hominum immutata deumque.
Carminis hæc virtus, hæc vis dulcedinis altæ,
Cui paret placata trium mens dura sororum,
Et res perpetuo nutantes fœdere constant.
Quin etiam hic numeris terraï ducitur orbis
Cœlestique sono, nec vos auditis inertes,
Corpora quos humana premunt, auresque gravatæ.

HENRY NETTLESHIP.

QUI, jam conjugio functus, nova vincula quærit,
Illo bis infestas naufragus intrat aquas.

E.

THE merchant, to conceal his treasure
  Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
  But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
  Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
  That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
  And with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
  I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
  I sung and gazed; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
  Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

Colombo.

TU scopri un mondo, e il doni al soglio Ibero;
E chiudi i tristi giorni in ceppi indegni;
Dà il suo nome al tuo mondo altro nocchiero:
Questa han mercede i sovrumani ingegni.

A. BERTOLA.

UT proprias ficto qui mittunt nomine merces,
Dumque opibus metuunt, infitiantur opes,
Sic in amore Chloes Glyceræ mentimur amorem;
Hæc speciem confert versibus, illa facem.
Tres sumus in Glyceræ; mecum lyra cessat ibidem,
Apta satis domini questibus, apta dolis.
Versiculos idem attuleram non melle carentes:
Forte rogat, nectam verba modosque, Chloe.
Nec mora, præludo fidibus, cantare paratus:
Spirat amor, spirat mixtus amore timor.
Ast ita de Glycera quod bellum est cunque loquebar,
Ut colerem vultu plura loquente Chloen.
Nec color huic unus, nec frons innubila læsæ:
Ipse queror, stupeo, blandior, uror, amo.
At Venus irridens, dum multa iocantur Amores,
"Istud ut infabre dissimulatur!" ait.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

TU das Hesperiis inventum regibus orbem;
Te senio fessum vincula iniqua terunt;
Alterius nautæ tuus orbis nomine claret:
Merces divinis ista fit ingeniis.

E.

ALL these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail.

TENNYSON.

Am Flusse.

VERFLIESSET vielgeliebte Lieder,
Zum Meere der Vergessenheit!
Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,
Kein Mädchen in der Blüthenzeit.

Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben;
Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn:
Ihr wart ins Wasser eingeschrieben;
So fliesst denn auch mit ihm davon.

GOETHE.

HÆC videt: illud abest quod maxima cura videndi,
Vultus abest humanus, abest humana loquela;
Non videt hæc, non audit, at audiit innumerorum
Stridere mergorum torquentia milia gyros,
Audiit ex alto glomerantum pondus aquarum
Saxa fragore quati, vel in æthere murmura summo
Brachia motantis silvæ, motantis honores
Aerios, vel præcipitem prono agmine rivum
In mare devolvi; sive errat solus ad undas,
Seu pelagus spectante diem sub cauto fatigans
Naufragus expectat navem. Lux trudere lucem,
Nulla venire rates, sed solibus addere soles
Per palmas frangenda rubentis tela diei,
Per iuga, per filices: furit ignibus æquor eois,
Terra furit mediis, furit emorientibus æquor,
Mox orbes magni astrorum grandescere cœlo,
Mox gravius mugire salum, mox rursus oborti
Tela rubere die, nec obortum albescere velum.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

ITE carmina abite delicata,
Lethæo maris obruenda fluctu;
Ne vestros numeros puer beatus,
Neu formosa iteret puella cantu.
Vos tantum canitis meos amores,
At nunc illa fidem superba ridet,
Ergo scripta in aquæ fluentis unda
Ite unda peritura cum fluenti.

E.

WHAT though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what else is not to be overcome:—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 105.

RIVER is time in water: as it came,
Still so it flows, yet never is the same.

HOLYDAY.

Ἀπεσφάλημεν τῆσδ' ἀγωνίας· τί μήν;
οὐ καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἐσφάλμεθ'· οὐ τὸ καρτερεῖν,
οὐ τὰς ἀσάντους καὶ μεταδρόμους ἀράς,
οὐ τὸν καμεῖσθαι μήθ' ὑποπτήξειν ποτὲ
μέλλοντα θυμόν, ἄλλο τ' εἴ τι δύσμαχον,
ταῦτ' οὔτ' ἀπειλαῖς κεῖνος οὔτε μὴ βίᾳ
ἕμ' ἐξέλῃ ποτ'· ἀλλὰ προσπεσόνθ' ἕδρας
θακεῖν γονυπετεῖς ἐξισοῦν τε δαίμονι
τὸν ἄρτι παπτήναντα μὴ τυραννίδος
πρὸς τοῦδ' ἁμάρτοι· παντὸς αἴσχιον τόδε,
καὶ πτωμάτων ἂν οἷα νῦν πεπτώκαμεν
ἔχθιον εἴη παῖσμα· δαιμόνων ἐπεὶ
ἰσχύν τε σῶμά τ' ἐκ πυρὸς κεκραμένον
φθίνειν πέπρωται μήποτ'· εἰδότες δ' ἂν αὖ
οἷον τόδ' ἠγωνίσμεθ', ἐς προθυμίαν
χείρους μὲν οὔ, κρείσσους δέ γ' ἐς προμηθίαν,
μετ' ἐλπίδος μέλλοιμεν εὐτυχεστέρας
ἢ χερσὶν ἢ δόλοισιν ἀσπόνδῳ στάσει
ἐλᾶν ἀπάυστως τὸν μέγα στυγούμενον,
ὃς νῦν μεγαυχὴς περιχαρεῖ φρονήματι
ἔχει μόναρχος εἰς θεῶν τυραννίδα.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

RIVULUS est ætas fluitans: nunc præterit unda,
Nunc subit: at nunquam, quæ fuit ante, manet.

E.

HE gave men speech, and speech created thought
Which is the measure of the universe;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook but fell not: and the harmonious mind
Pour'd itself forth in all-prophetic song;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it wak'd, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
And human hands first mimick'd and then mock'd,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine,
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish:
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
He taught the implicated orbits woven
Of the wide-wandering stars; and how the sun
Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
The pale moon is transform'd, when her broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea.
He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
The tempest-winged chariots of the ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
Were built, and through their snow-like columns flow'd
The warm winds, and the azure æther shone,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen:
Such, the alleviations of his state,
Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
Withering in destin'd pain.

SHELLEY.

Φθογγὴν βροτοῖς ἔδωκεν, ἐκ δ' αὐτῆς λόγος
ἔβλαστε, πάντων κυριώτατον μέτρον·
σοφία δ' ἐπενθοροῦσα γῇ τε καὶ θεοῖς
ἔσεισεν οὐ σφαλέντας· εὔρυθμος δὲ φρὴν
ἐπέδραμ' ὕμνων ἀναβολὰς χρηστηρίους,
μελῳδίαισιν ὥστ' ἀναπτερούμενον
θνητῶν τιν' ἔξω ξυμφορῶν θεοῦ δίκην
βαίνειν ἐφ' ὑγροῖς κύμασιν τερπνοῦ μέλους.
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν εἶδος ᾐτίμα βροτῶν
ὁ τοῦθ' ὑπερβαίνουσαν ἐκ μιμουμένου
μορφὴν διαρθρῶν ἰσοθέοις τυκίσμασιν·
ὧν κάλλος αἱ γυναῖκες ἐνθυμούμεναι
ἔτικτον ἃς τίς οὐκ ἰδὼν ἁλίσκεται;
ἐδείξαμεν δὲ τὰκ φυτῶν κρηνῶν τ' ἄκη,
αἱρεῖ δὲ τοὺς πίνοντας ἐξ ἄλγους ὕπνος,
ὕπνου δὲ θάνατος ἐξομοιοῦται τρόποις.
πολυπλάνων δ' ἔφραζε συμπεπλεγμένας
ἄστρων κελεύθους στροφάδας, ἡλιόν θ', ὅθεν
τίν' ἔρχεται κευθμῶνα, καὶ μήνης κύκλον,
ποίαις ἐπῳδαῖς ὠχριᾷ κηλούμενος
πελάγους ἀναυγήτοισιν ἐν μεταλλαγαῖς.
λινόπτερ' οὖν ὀχήματ' ἐμψύχοις ἴσα
τίς ἄλλος ἐξηγήσατ' οἰακοστροφεῖν;
ἔγνω δὲ Κέλτης Ἴνδον. εἶτα πλινθυφῆ
ἦν σταθμὰ, λευκὴν δ' εὐαεῖς παραστάδα
διῇσσον αὖραι, κυάνεος δ' ὤφθη πόλος,
γλαυκόν τε πόντου κῦμ' ὑπόσκιοί τ' ἄκραι.
τοιαῦτ' ἀφέρτου δαίμονος κουφίσματα
βροτοῖς Προμηθεὺς ηὗρεν, ὧν μετάρσιος
ταῖς μοιροκράντοις πημοναῖς αὐαίνεται.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

Fedalma.

NO, no—I will not say it—I will go!
Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom. O mother life,
That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
And pledged me to redeem.—I'll pay the debt!
You gave me strength that I should pour it all
Into this anguish. I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be. Father, I will go.
O Father, will the women of our tribe
Suffer as I do in the years to come
When you have made them great in Africa?
Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
Were it not better when we reach that shore
To raise a funeral pile and perish all?
So closing up a myriad avenues
To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
Will these sharp pains buy any certain good?
Zarca. Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who wish for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Φ. Μὴ δῆτ'· ἐρῶ τόδ' οὔποτ'· ἀλλ' ἅμ' ἕψομαι.
πάτερ, δέδοκται· μηδ' ἴση ζῴην θεοῖς
κωκύμασιν φρίσσουσα τηλουροῦ δύης.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔργον συντρόφως τόδ' ἤκμασεν
ὡς συμπεφυκός· οὗ μέλημ' ἐγρηγορὸς
γίγας τις ὣς πάνταρχον αἴρεται φρενῶν,
δίκην ἀνάγκης βρῖθον· ὦ ζωῆς γάνος
μητρῷον, ὦ δόξασά μ' ἠπίως τρέφειν,
κἀν γαστρί μ' οὖσαν πῦρ ἄρ' ὥρισας τερᾶν,
ψυχῆς δ' ἀπαρτῶσ' ἐλπίδας πολλῶν μιᾶς
τελεῖν κατηγγύησας· ὡς τίσω χρέος.
σθένους γὰρ εἴ μοι δοῦσ' ἵν' ἐγχέαιμι πᾶν
εἰς τήνδ' ἀνίαν· οὐδ' ἂν εἰς στενὴν χαρὰν
θυμὸν κατισχνάναιμ' ἔτ' ἐξωγκωμένον
ἔρωτι τοῦ μέλλοντος· ἕψομαι, πάτερ.
ἦ χἀτέραις, γεννῆτορ, ἐμφύλων μένει
ἐμοῖς ἴσ' ἀντλεῖν ὕστερόν ποτ' ἄλγεσι
Λιβύης καθ' ἕδρας σοῦ χάριν τιμωμέναις;
οὐκοῦν ἀδήλων ἐκλυθεῖσ' ἤδη κακῶν
ξύνοιδα κάμνουσ'; εἶτα δρᾶν προὔργου τάδε;
οὐ κρεῖσσον ἀκτὴν ἱγμένοις Λιβυστικὴν
κοινῇ πυρὰν νήσασιν ἐξολωλέναι,
ἀνηρίθμους εἴρξασι προσβολὰς κακῶν
οὔπω φανέντων; φεῦ· φρέν' ὡς βαρύνομαι·
μῶν κέρδος ὠδὶς ἐμπολᾷ πικρὰ σαφές;
Ζ. μή νυν ὀκνήσῃς μηδέν· ὡς ὅσοι σαφῆ
ποθοῦντες ὀκνοῦσ', οὐδὲν ἤνυσαν μέγα.
σαφὲς γὰρ ἀγαθῶν φρὴν ἀκίνητος μόνον
σπουδή τ' ἀκραιφνὴς τἀγαθ' ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.
λείπει δ' ὁ δράσας λαμπρὰ τοῖς ἐμφυλίοις
λῷστον τόδ', οὕνεκ' ἠξίωσε λαμπρὰ δρᾶν.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here, in the quiet limit of the world,
A white hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man,
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me! Let me go: take back thy gift!
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all.

MARCESCUNT nemorum, nemorum labuntur honores,
Roriferæ deflent nubes, oriuntur et arvis
Incumbunt subterque hominum defuncta recumbunt
Sæcla, nec æstates non deciduntur oloris.
Solus ego immortale trahens ægerrimus ævum
Carpor: inaresco, te complectente, quietum
Limen ad hoc mundi, dum cana remetior umbra
Secretas orientis imagine vanior aulas,
Multiplices nebulas, sublustria templa diei.
Heu senis hanc umbram, prius e terrestribus unum,
Quum specie florens et te dignante cubili,
Dignabaris enim, quicquid sublime minatus,
Quin darer in superos, adeo nil rebar abesse!
Concilies, dixi, *cœlum mihi*. Blanda roganti
Annuis: haud aliter terræ quoque plenior heres
Largirique solet, nec habere quod imputet illud.
Sed rabiem explerunt ultrices acriter horæ,
Et stravere graves et mutavere terendo,
Quodque necem citra poterant, deformis adessem
Æternæ voluere, iuventutique senectus
Divinæ divina, meæ facis ipse superstes.
Num vel amor tanti, pulcherrima? sidere quanquam,
Dum loquor, impendente, tuæ duce lampadis albo,
Suave coruscantes oculi miserantis obortis
Stant lacrimis? Absolve, precor, retro exime donum.
Cur velit humani generis transcendere quoquam
Fœdus homo, aut sanctos ultra procedere fines?
Hic cunctis claudenda, hic clausa probabitur ætas.

A soft air fans the cloud apart, then comes
A glimpse of that dark world, where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise!
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying, learnt
In days far off on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart,
In days far off and with what other eyes,
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I know not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Intremuit zephyro nubes: hiemale meorum
Nosco exul litus, senis incunabula nosco.
Ecce tuo miror de vertice lumen oriri,
Miror ab ambrosio non enarrabile collo,
Miror rite novam sumentia pectora vitam.
Iamque tepere genas sensim et splendescere cerno
Instantis dulces oculos, necdum orbibus illi
Astra hebetant plenis, necdum exultantia fervent
Corda reposcentum sibi quae moderetur equorum,
Effunduntque iubas, ut opaca volumina currus,
Discutiat tenebrarum, insultetque ignifer umbris.

En tua te quoties inter mea vota venustas
Induit, expectans quid responsura moreris
Deseror, et lacrimis astans humector euntis.

Quo lacrimis me usque exanimas? quo me usque timentem
Ne sit verum, angis; quod egeno lucis in ævo
Nocte laborantum memini portendere famam,
Ipsos, quæ dederint, non posse resumere divos?

Hei mihi, quam non his oculis Tithonus inhærens,
Ille ego si spiro, quam non hoc corde tuebar
Gliscere te cingens iubar, et pallentis apricos
Stare comis cirros, miramque subire videbar,
Te subeunte vicem, penitus magis ossa calescens,
Quo portæ magis et rubor ardescebat obortæ!
At tua labra tuo crebrum irrorantia nectar
Os frontemque dabant resupini et lumina circum
Oscula, quis vernæ non germina suavius halant
Semireducta rosæ; nec secius oscula figens,
Nescio quid clementis inexpertique canebas.
Crescere sic Phœbi plusquam mortale recordor
Carmen, at in turres nebulosam assurgere Troiam.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me and restore me to the ground:
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

Comus.

WHAT chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
C. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
L. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
C. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
L. To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring.
C. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
L. They were but twain and purposed quick return.
C. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
L. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
C. Imports their loss beyond the present need?
L. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
C. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?
L. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

MILTON.

Ne tamen æternum his claustris orientis in aevum
Sæpiar: an leti fruar immortalibus heres
Amplius? en roseis involvor frigidus umbris,
Frigida candescunt tua limina, friget eoum
Sub pede rugato limen, cum mane vapores
Submittunt procul obscuro cingentia tractu
Arva domos hominum, quis posse perire beatis
Contigit, aut fato cæspes potiore sepultis.
Da moriar, da reddar humo: tu cætera lustras,
Tu senis agnosces tumulum: reparabis honorem
Tu, dea, quot redeunt luces: me terra recondet
Terrenum: per me sileant haec templa licebit,
Tuque albis volvare revolvatisque quadrigis.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

K. Πόθεν δ' ἐρήμην τήνδ' ἔχεις, γύναι, τύχην;
Γ. τοῦδ' ἐκ σκότου τε καὶ πεπλεγμένης σκιᾶς.
K. πομπῆς σ' ἀρωγῆς τοῖσδε νοσφίσαι πάρα;
Γ. ταύτῃ γὰρ ὣς καμοῦσαν ἐν χλόῃ 'λιπον.
K. ψεύδοντες, ὑβρίζοντες, ἢ τίνος χάριν;
Γ. ὥστ' ἐν νάπαισι ψυχρὸν ἐξευρεῖν ῥόον.
K. τὸ σὸν δ' ἔρημον ὣς λελοίπασιν κάρα;
Γ. δισσοὶ γὰρ ὄντες, ὥστε νοστῆσαι τάχα.
K. ἴσως φθάσασα νὺξ ἐκώλυσεν πόρου.
Γ. ὡς ῥᾴδιόν γε συμφορᾶς τυχεῖν ἐμῆς.
K. μέλλεις δὲ τούτῳ δαρὸν ἄχθεσθαι πόθῳ;
Γ. ἀπώλεσ' ὡσεὶ τοὺς κασιγνήτους ἐμούς,
K. πότερον ἔθ' ἡβάσκοντας, ἢ νέους ἀκμήν;
Γ. λεῖαι γάρ, Ἥβης ὡς χρόα, παρηΐδες.

ROBERT BRODIE.

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood:
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

SHAKSPEARE.

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern wave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

TEMPUS edax, sævos ungues obtunde leonis,
Fac sobolem ut Tellus devoret ipsa suam.
Tuque manu sævos vellas de tigride dentes,
Sanguineo vivax igne cremetur avis.
Te duce, succedant jucundæ tristibus horæ,
Tuque feras Terræ, quæ mala ferre libet.
Abripias celeri cursu labentia vitæ
Gaudia: sola nefas hæc tibi culpa manet.
Ne tua noster Amor præstet vestigia vultu,
Frons ea ne dextra sit violata tua;
Utque homines discant quæ sit pulcherrima rerum,
Hoc decus integrum tu superesse sinas.
Plurima damna feras: spretis, Rex invide, damnis,
Vivet in æternum carmine noster Amor.

ROBERT BRODIE.

I SUPER Hesperias, i, noctis spiritus undas,
I pede veloci! Nebuloso elapsus ab antro,
Solus ubi tecum per tædia longa diei
Gaudia texebas aliis, aliisque dolores;
His timor, ast illos adiens dilectus ut hospes,
Præpete jam decede fuga. Tibi candida formam
Vestimenta tegant, astris subtexta. Diei
Lumina, Dive, tuis præstringas lassa capillis,
Labra movens labris, donec defessa quiescat.
Deinde mare et terras magnasque vagatus in urbes
Cuique soporifera contingens lumina virga,
O! venias, quæsite diu. Quum primus eoi

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee!
When light rode high and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee!

Thy brother Death came and cried:
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me? and I replied:
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon!
Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night,—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY.

SWEET Hesper-Phosphor, double name,
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

TENNYSON.

Aspexi surgens incerta crepuscula cœli,
Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.
Sol ubi per medias surrexerat arduus auras
Rores depellens teneros; floresque gravati
Arboreæque comæ medio languere sub æstu,
Defessusque dies tardis, inamatus ut hospes,
Decedens pedibus requiem repetivit amœnam,
Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.
Mors mihi subvenit, frater tuus. Ille "Petisne
Me," dixit, "socium?" Somnus quoque venit amatus
Filius iste tuus, nebula præstrictus ocellos,
Et ceu quæ medio sub sole examina mussant,
Murmurat: "Anne tuum propter latus otia carpam?
Mene cupis socium?" "Quis te desiderat?" inquam.
Mors veniet, quum tu vita defunctus abibis,
Ah citius veniet. Quum tu confugeris, altus
Adveniet somnus; mihi tu tua munera tendas,
Munera non quæsita alias. O! Spiritus alme,
Huc celeri cursu, venientem huc dirige currum.

HENRY THORNTON FORSTER.

Ἕσπερε φώσφορ', ἑνὸς χαῖρ' οὔνομα δίπλοον ἄστρου,
χαῖρε φάος τ' ἐρατὸν καὶ σκότον αἰνὸν ἄγων·
ὡς γὰρ ἐμοὶ βίος ἄλλος ὁ νῦν, ὁ δὲ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε,
τὼς τόπον ἄλλον ἔχεις σχῆμα δὲ ταὐτὸ φέρεις.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
And earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep,
Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime,
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

SHELLEY.

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's longest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

TENNYSON.

ANNORUM series redit
magna, iam redit aureum
sæculum, omnia iam senectam
  exūunt velut anguis;
iactat Graecia pulcrior
montes et placidum salum,
Peneumque videt novis
  lucifer fluere undis;
Tempe prospiciunt aquas
clariora, ubi Cyclades
dormiunt novæ et æquoris
  vada aprica tuentur;
iamque arx altera Palladi
surget atque minoribus,
sol ut occiduus sui
  splendorem dabit ortus,
tradet munera cælitum
cuncta, tradet opes soli
cunctas, si sibi gloriam
  longam fata negarint.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

Τρὶς μάκαρ ὅστις λῆμ' ἰσχύει,
  καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ βραχέ' ἐστὶ πάθη,
μοχθῶν δ' αὖτ' οὐκ ἔκδικα μοχθεῖ,
κόμπος δὲ γέλως τ' οὔ νιν κινεῖ
δεινῆς τε κλυδὼν ἄγριος ἄτης,
οἷος γάρ τις κρημνὸς προβλὴς,
οὗ πέρι κόμπος δεινὸς ὄρωρεν
κλύζει τε πέριξ οἶδμ' ὠκεανοῦ,
πληγεὶς ἀνέμοις στεφάνην τε φέρων
  πύργων ἕστηκεν ἐς ἀεί.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

NOW storming fury rose
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict, overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 207.

Meeres-Stille.

TIEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

GOETHE.

INDE furor clamorque, novus quatit inde tumultus
Tranquillas olim sedes atque otia dia,
Iamque super telis rauco collisa fragore
Tela fremunt, rapidæque rotæ currusque sonantes
Horrendum; tractuque volant flammante per auras
Igniferi hastarum lapsus; succenditur æther,
Et sub flammarum diro velamine turmæ
Armis conflixere. Locos gravis impetus omnes
Concussit, cœlique imæ tremuere cavernæ;
Nec tellus immota illis venientibus esset,
Si tellus jam facta foret; tam multa ruebant
Milia pugnantum sævo stimulata furore,
Quorum quisque manu totas regere aëris oras
Aëris et tota vi sese armare valeret.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

DETUMUERE undæ: stant alta silentia ponto:
Navita continuas anxius horret aquas.
Omnia mors taciturna premit: nusquam aura vagatur:
Nec fluctus pelagi marmora vasta movet.

E.

WITH lorn delight the scene I viewed;
Past joys and sorrows were renewed;
My infant hopes and fears
Looked lovely through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still in Memory's twilight bowers
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, pourtray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fallen away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er
Sanguine with hope we look before,
The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

J. MONTGOMERY.

IT is a favour'd place; Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way;
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside.

SHELLEY.

HIS visis redit et lætitia et præteritus dolor,
Et cor mira tenent gaudia, nam, quas habui puer,
Spes primique metus forma aliena et decore haud suo
Rident, ut referunt quæ iuvat elapsa revolvere:
Nec non ut tacita nocte morans in nemoris sinu,
Sub luna tenues vidi animas ludere pallida,
Sic mentem in memorem flos redit ætatis amabilis,
Florisve umbra redit; nam periit purpureus color.
Dum spes cæca iuventæ manet et somnia fervida,
Quæ ventura videntur cupidi prospicimus bona;
Errorem simul ac dura senectæ manus abstulit
Mæsti protinus in præteritos respicimus dies.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

INSULA dis accepta caret rubigine semper
Omnes peste caret belloque fameque per annos.
Namque lues cæcas ceu voltur travolat auras
Atque alios petit atra locos; non terra movetur
Unquam, non placidas vis effera tempestatum
Ausa unquam temerare plagas fulgore sonoro,
Cœruleumque patet nulla violante procella
Cœlum, et tranquillos tractus rigat imbriferum ver,
Ver rigat imbriferum campos et picta vireta
Ut semper viridem renovent aureumque nitorem,
Eque mari semper surgens deque æthere lapsa
Aura levis molli perflat loca læta vapore
Multiplicemque sinum per saltus fundit amœnos
Quos sol et zephyri retegunt et lumina lunæ.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 32.

ALL things are wonder since the world began,
The world's a riddle, and the meaning's man.

HOLYDAY.

Σὲ τὸν πρέποντ' αὐγαῖσί τ' ἐξεστεμμένον,
τῆς σῆς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς μοῦνος ὃς φαίνει βροτοῖς
ὡς τοῦδε κόσμου τοῦ νεοκτίστου Θεός,
οὗ δὴ φλέγοντος πᾶν ἀμαυροῦται σέλας
ἄστρων τὸ νυκτίφαντον, ἥλιον λέγω,
ἀλλ' οὔ τι φωνῶ προσφιλής σ' ἐπώνυμον,
λέξων δὲ τὰς ἀκτῖνας ὡς ἀποστυγῶ,
αἵ μοι διδοῦσι τὴν ὑπόμνησιν τανῦν
οἵων ποτ' ἐξέπιπτον, ἐκπρεπὴς τὸ πρὶν
τοῦ σοῦ πανόπτου τ' ὢν ἀνωτέρω κύκλου,
ἕσθ' ὕβρις ἐξέστρεψεν ἥ τ' ἀνωφελὴς
φιλοτιμία με, τὴν μάχην ποιούμενον
πρὸς κεῖνον, ὅς τὰ πάντ' ἐν οὐρανῷ κρατεῖ.
τί δὴ τάδ'; ἦν γὰρ ἐξ ἐμοῦγ' ἀνάξιος
κεῖνος τοιούτοις ἀνταμύνεσθαι κακοῖς,
ὅστις μ' ἐποίησ' οἷος ἦν ὑψοῦ ποτὲ
φαιδρὰν δι' ἀρχὴν, ὅστις ἄλλον οὐδένα
ὢν ἐσθλὸς ὠνείδιζεν· οὔ τι δύσφορον
δούλευμα τοῦτ' ἦν· τοιγαροῦν ἐπαινέσαι
κεῖνον λιταῖσι καὶ κατειδέναι χάριν
ἐλάχιστον ἀντάλλαγμα τοιούτων ἂν ἦν·
ὅσον γ' ὀφείλημ'· ἀλλὰ καίπερ εὖ παθὼν.
ἔγωγ' ἐφάνθην ἀντιδοὺς κακουργίαν.

Bertram Fulke Hartshorne.

UNDIQUE ab effecto mundo miracula fiunt:
Ænigma est mundus, significatur homo.

E.

King Henry.

YOU all look strangely on me, and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.
Chief Justice. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Jus. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safety of your person!

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.* pt. 2, v. 2. 60.

B. Πάντες με δεινῶς εἰσορᾶτ' ἄλλοι τε καὶ
σύ γ', εὖ γὰρ οἶσθα σαυτὸν οὐ φιλοῦντ' ἐμέ.
Δ. καὶ μὴν δικαιῶ τοῖσι γοῦν φρονοῦσιν εὖ
τοιαῦτά μ', ὦναξ, οὐ καταξίως παθεῖν.
B. ἄρχων γὰρ ὅστις ἐλπίδας τοσάσδ' ἔχω,
πῶς σῆς τοιαύτης ὕβρεως ἀμνημονῶ;
τί δή μ' ἀπειλῇ καὶ λόγοις δήσας ἔχεις
ἄγχιστον ἀρχῆς; μῶν ἄρ' ἦν τοδ' εὐπετές,
ἀμνημόνευτον ἐν ῥοαῖς Λήθης ἅπαξ;
Δ. ἐγὼ τότ' ἀλκῇ πατρὸς ἐχρώμην σέθεν
τυραννίδος τ' εἴδωλον αὔτ' ἐνῆν ἐμοί,
οὗ δὴ, νόμων ὅτ' αὐτὸς οἰακόστροφος
σπουδὴν παρέσχον ἔννομος πρὸ τῆς πόλεως,
μνείαν γ' ἀπωθῶν κἀξιώματος πρόσω
δυνάμιν τε σεμνὴν τῶν νόμων τε καὶ δίκης,
κἄνακτος εἰκόν', ὃν γε προὔφαινον παρὼν
αὐτός μ' ἔπληξας ἐν δίκης ἕδρᾳ χερί·
ἀνθ' ὧν ἄθ' ὑβρίζοντα πατέρα σὸν τάδε,
αὐθαδίᾳ μὲν ἐννόμως δ' ἐπεξιών,
δεσμοῖς σ' ἔκλεισα, κεἰ τόδ' ἥμαρτον τότε,
τόλμα ποτ' αὐτὸς σκῆπτρον ἐν μέρει νέμων
εἰ δὴ σὸς υἱὸς τἀπιτάγματα στυγοῖ
δίκην τ' ἀπωθῶν σεμνότιμον ἐξ ἕδρας
βάθρον νόμων σφήλειε, κἀμβλύνοι ξίφος
ὅ γ' ἀσφαλῶς ἔσωσεν εἰρήνην σέθεν.

EDWARD LYNCH PEARSON.

BY the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up on the trees that are therein.

For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

Psalm cxxxvii.

PROPHET of God! arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of heaven to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine!

Where angels down the lucid stair
Came hovering to our sainted sires,
Now, in the twilight, glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

KEBLE.

PROPTER aquas Babylonis
Captæ memores Sionis
Flevimus relicti,
Sortis vicem congementes,
Muti lyram suspendentes
Fronde de salicti.

Nam qui victor nos agebat
Et ad flagra deducebat,
"Age, carmen patrium;"
Inquit, "quale canebatis,
Quale melos ferebatis
Inter tecta civium."

EDWARD WALFORD.

VATES, surge, Dei; surge et adulteram
In gentem ætherias præcipita minas,
Flagrum concute cœli
Hoc fanum super impium.

Scalis agmen ubi pensile lucidis
Invisere pios angelicum patres,
Nunc falsæ magica artis
Splendet flamma crepusculo.

I, devota cadant saxa sub hostia,
I, sparge et cineres: brachia macera
Torva voce profanas
Amplectentia imagines.

CHARLES PEARSON.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say:
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ODEUS, mi care Pater, terenti
Deviæ vitæ salebrosa tesqua
Pectore ex imo mihi da profari
Sic voluisti.

Si Tuo jussu rapiatur ultro
Omne quod carum est, ego non relucter:
Id Tuum est, en, quod dederas, resigno:
Sic voluisti.

Suppetat cordi modo vis labanti,
Et Tuum numen, pius hospes, adsit;
Cuncta permitto tibi destinanda:
Sic voluisti.

Tu meam mentem renoves in horas,
Ut Tua mistæ maneat repostum
Nil, quod obniti valeat fatenti,
Sic voluisti.

Postmodo in vitam superam vocatus
Has preces, olim lacrymis remistas,
Proferam, compos melioris oræ,
Sic voluisti.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Τὴν Κυριακὴν Εὐχὴν

Caliginosa insomnique nocte ægrotanti animo ut solatium afferret, in metrum Tragicum Iambicum reddidit Allen Gulielmus Chatfield, domus Carthusianæ olim alumnus.

Ω τρισμέγιστε γῆς τε κοὐρανοῦ Πάτερ,
ἁγναῖς λιταῖσι τοὔνομ' ὑμνείσθω τὸ Σόν·
τῆς σῆς φανήτω πᾶσι βασιλείας σέλας·
τὸ Σὸν κρατείτω γῆς ἔφ', ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ,
βούλημα· τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν ἄρτον δίδου.
τὰ δ' ἀμπλακήματ', εὐχόμεσθ', ἡμῖν ἄφες,
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀλλήλοισιν ὧδ' ἀφίεμεν·
φείδου Σύ, μηδ' ἐς πεῖραν ἐμβάλῃς σφοδράν.
ἔργων πονηρῶν καθέων ἐχθρῶν ἄπο
ῥῦσαι Σὰ τέκνα· Σοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀλκή, κράτος,
καὶ δόξα γ' εἰς ἀτέρμον' αἰώνων δρόμον.

ALLEN WILLIAM CHATFIELD.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

II.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

II.

Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester?
St. Matth. ix. 11.

ERGO istis socium se peccatoribus addit?
Ergo istis sacrum non negat ille latus?
Tu, Pharisæe, rogas cur Jesus fecerit istud?
Næ dicam: Jesus non Pharisæus erat.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Piscatores vocati.—St. Matth. vi. 19.

LUDITE jam, pisces, secura sub æquora; pisces
Nos quoque, sed varia sub ratione, sumus.
Non potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis,
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi.

RICHARD CRASHAW

Aquæ in vinum versæ.—St. Joann. ii.

UNDE rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite Numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Pharisæus et Publicanus.—St. Luc. xviii.

EN duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo,
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum.
It gravis hic et in ipsa ferox penetralia tendit,
Plus habet hic templi, plus habet ille Dei.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Ex Epistola inter iter ad Lutet: Parisiorum data ad Magistrum Sociosque Coll: SS. Trin. Cant.

* * * * *

RURA per[1] hæc segetum flavis uberrima gazis
Dum segnes urgemus equos, vacat acta subire
Tempora, sollicitaque retexere sæcula cura,
Debitaque his nostri generis primordia terris.
Scilicet his egressa locis Mavortia pubes,
Signa ducis sectata sui, (quem, semine nullo
Natum, jure suum Fortuna volebat alumnum,)
Invasit vestris lætum natalibus orbem,
Ferroque edomuit, dubiique favore Gradivi
Adjecit titulisque ducalibus Anglica regna,

[1] Normandy.

Et cum Saxonico Nortmannos sanguine junxit.
Utque genus ducens atro de funere Trojæ
Relliquiisque iræ Argolicæ flammæque Pelasgæ,
Incola jactantis septena cacumina Romæ,
In Phrygios delatus agros, circumspicit omnes
Sollicitis oculis nec segni indagine quærit,
An formæ fatale forum, surgentia pinis
Umbrosis Idæ juga, num Simoentis arenas
Et domino rerum Tibri cognata fluenta
Xantheasque sagax possit dignoscere lymphas,
Ac densas inter segetes si rudera forte
Emineant, Trojæ quas conjectura ruinas
Cogitet, hasce diu lacrymoso lumine figens
Prisca novo Priami renovat dispendia luctu:
Sic nostros recolebat avos pia cura.

*   *   *   *   *

Isaac Barrow.

De Vita ac Dignitate sua.

(*Ex epicedio in ducem Albemarlæ.*)

PUBLICA ne repetam, nimium quæ vasta Supremi
  Nobis porrexit Numinis illa manus:
Multa obvenerunt privatæ commoda vitæ,
  Quæ par est magno sumpta referre duci:
Quod sub jucundæ requievi tegmine pacis,
  Vita quod a tragicis est procul acta malis;
Quod placitis studiis Musisque insontibus ampla
  Otia (ne dicam præmia) contigerint,
Turpibus ejectis dominis, vanoque furore,
  Qui se pro pura relligione tulit,

Quod licet obsequium regi deferre benigno,
Et vero cultum verum adhibere Deo;
Hæc ego tanta boni forti prudente probaque
Obtineoque opera possideoque ducis.
Huic igitur grates dum fundere conor, ineptus
Esse queo, longus vix, reor, esse queo.
Sin videar, veniam extremæ non abnue culpæ,
Quisquis eris (si quis), qui legis ista, precor.

ISAAC BARROW.

Ad Carolum II. Regem.

TE magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo;
At nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

ISAAC BARROW.

De Mortuorum Resurrectione.

IAM pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est: molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago
Vultum truncata atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vixdum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Ex Barometri Descriptione.

JAM cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet brumamque et frigora narrat;
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores,
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor
Et nimium oppressus contendit ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumpto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ, tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit, nec certior ardea cælos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando crassas fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidas rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens unda metalli
Fundum amat impatiens pluviæ metuensque procellæ,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit, ostendit mox fæta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Pugnam inter se committunt Pygmæi et Grues.

JAMQUE procul sonus auditur piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem ;
Crebrescit tandem atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum et densa in nubibus hæret,
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem ; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis et bellum sperantibus infert :
Fit fragor, avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna : hic fixa volucris
Cuspide sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis
Singultusque ciet crebros pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ
Unguesque et digiti commistaque rostra lacertis.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

De Insula Beatorum. (Pind. Ol. ii. 128).

IGNOTA nostris sideribus jacet,
Sedes, beato quæ recipit sinu
Sanctosque vates, quique læti
Pro patria oppetiere mortem:
Quam, vasta Nereus brachia porrigens,
Immensus ambit fluctibus inviis,
Terrasque mortalesque gentes,
Horrisonis procul arcet undis.
Vernus pererrat prata Favonius,
Leni susurro per tremulum nemus
Spirans, odoratosque pennis
Discutit irriguis liquores.
Surgunt per agros undique rosidos
Flores, amicti mille coloribus,
Solique gemmas explicantes
Dulce nitent radiante vultu:
Aut pensiles ex arboribus sacris
Blande reclinant aureolum caput,
Aut consiti vernante ripa
Stagna colunt gelidosque fontes.
His gens, dolorum nescia, vividum
Nectens lacertis et capiti decus,
Incedit immortale fulgens
Perpetua viridis juventa.

JOHN JORTIN.

De Anima.

POSTQUAM discussis fulsit lux prima tenebris,
Et sibi commissos junxit sol impiger axes,
Astraque fixa polo Lunæque argenteus orbis
Nocte suas habuere vices, sua regna, silenti,
Errantesque novas stellæ duxere choreas,
Terraque formosum ridens, et flabilis aer,
Et pontus fluviique suos cepere colonos
Felices lætosque etsi rationis egentes,
Magnus rerum Opifex mundi primordia circum
Aspexit, placido collaudans omnia vultu.
Tunc, operi finem imponens, e pectore fudit
Fæcundas voces Animamque exsistere jussit.
Jusserat; et subito tu, præstantissima rerum,
Ante Deum stabas; cui sic Pater ore sereno:
"Dulcis progenies, æternæ Mentis imago,
I, pete terrestres oras, tibi credita regna,
Formosumque habita corpus, formosior hospes:
Quæ sit origo tibi, quo sis reditura, memento
Nil in te Mors juris habet, victricia quamvis
Arma sonent dextra, quamvis augusta triumphis
Incedat, vultuque et cuspide terreat orbem.
Sperne minas Fati Noctisque inamabile regnum."
Annuit Omnipotens; sparsi per inane profundum
Intremuere orbes et inhorruit ultimus æther.

JOHN JORTIN.

ATTENDE paullum, quisquis es. Subtus jacet
NICOLAUS MANN,
Olim magister, nunc remistus pulvere.
Quis ille vel quid egerit, bene aut secus,
In vita omitte quæritare, scit Deus:
Monere maluit hoc, quod ad te pertinet,
Bene universis tu fac et fieri velis,
Semper benigni Patris omnium memor.
Sic si paratus huc intres, precibus tuis
Cælum patebit, ipse quum stabis reus
Die suprema sub tremendo Judice,
Ratione vitæ reddita laudaberis.

NICHOLAS MANN.

Epitaphium Felis, quæ decessit anno MDCCCLVI, nata annos xiv, *menses* ii, *dies* iv.

FESSA annis morboque gravi, mitissima Felis,
Infernos tandem cogor adire lacus:
Et mihi subridens Proserpina dixit: "Habeto
Elysios soles, Elysiumque nemus."
Sed bene si merui, facilis Regina silentum,
Da mihi saltem una nocte redire domum,
Nocte redire domum, dominoque hæc dicere in aurem,
"Te tua fida etiam trans Styga Felis amat."

JOHN JORTIN.

Hoc erat in votis.

QUALIS per nemorum nigra silentia
Vallesque irriguas et virides domos
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
Secretum peragens iter:

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
Paullum ludit agros et sinuat fugam,
Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus
Miscetur gremio maris:

Talis per tacitam devia semitam
Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
Non experta fori jurgia turbidi aut
Palmæ sanguineum decus.

Cumque instant tenebræ et lux brevis occidit,
Et ludo satura et fessa laboribus,
Somni frater iners membra jacentia
Componat gelida manu.

JOHN JORTIN.

Ad discipulum, Indiam profecturum, cum M. Tullii libris de officiis.

ARTIUM docilis puer bonarum,
Moribus quoque qui places modestis,
Cum petis procul hinc iturus oram
Qua Ganges rapidas profundit undas,
Qua Solis propiore sicca curru
Et tellus calet, usque sis beatus
Te quo per mare, longa per viarum
Quo sors cunque ferat levesque venti.
Et satis revehas domum inde mercis
Exteræ et lapidum et micantis auri,
Et quicquid peregre misella plebes
Perdite cupit, at manum memento
Immunem super omnia ut reportes,

Nec laudem pretio minore vendas.
Quod tecum hinc tuleris bonum piumque
Et, gazis Arabum Indiæque gemmis
Continet melius quod hic libellus,
O cave monitus, cave id relinquas.

SAMUEL BERDMORE.

A Monastic Ode

Written at a Seat, under some sequestered Oaks, in a natural wilderness, near Gestingthorpe.

SOLITUDO quam dilecta!
Hinc in cælum via recta.
Procul est insanitatis
Et theatrum vanitatis.
Plebs si sævit, hic sedebo
Et quæ supra sunt, videbo;
Mecum Angeli cantabunt,
Cæli Dominum laudabunt.
O si semper hic sederem,
Mundi turbas nec viderem!
Me dum tollent angelorum
Grex ad Paradisi Chorum,
Et, ut sanctus eremita,
Dulci requiescam vita.

WILLIAM JONES.

——— Ver proterit æstas,
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.—Hor.

HAUD secus ac Cypriam nigris advecta cavernam
Fluctibus Oceani pacavit murmura Patris
Alma Venus—venti jam tum posuere—remotis
Sedibus attonitæ Nymphæ exsiluere—per undas
Triton, et Nereus, atque Inous Melicerta
Lusit, et ipse pecus ducens per cœrula Proteus,
Crebræque Halcyonum fulsere in littore pennæ:
Haud aliter, sævæ lætissima filia Brumæ,
Cara mihi Musisque, fugas jam patria tandem
Nubila, et optantem moderandum suscipis annum.
En! tibi summittunt fallentia lilia odores,
En! tibi certatim violæ atque halans hyacinthus,
Et rosa virgineum nequicquam imitata pudorem.
Oh! quam tota mihi spirare Sabæa videtur,
Atque Hybla Ætnææ metuens vicinia flammæ!
Vos oh! vos latebræ, quascumque in pectore condit
Felici nostram fallentes pace carinam
Oceanus, nisi vos frustra finxere Camœnæ
Vere frui æterno et larga juvenescere Flora,
Pandite secretas valles et frigida Tempe,
Puniceoque mihi nemora interfusa decore.
Illic hospitium platani vernantis, et antra
Pumicibus laqueata, atque interlapsa per umbram
Turba levis Dryadum, et ludens per opaca Cupido.
Illic et tenuis serpit per gramina rivus,
Per nemorum latebras, et myrtea vincula longum
Insinuans iter et teneris moriturus in herbis.
Quo mihi cessistis, Zephyri? quo verna refugit
Temperies? itane? et citius dulcissima vitæ

Tempora labuntur? sed nec sua gaudia desunt
Æstati, quanquam bacchata canicula toto
Versetur cælo et sævissimus induat ignes
Sirius. O Hæmi valles atque antra Diones
Frigida, vosque adeo, Parnassi culmina, vatem
Pierios inter languentem condite rores.
Illic quærenti faciles sub vespere somnos
Dum me Narcissi impediunt, aurasque sequaces
Tardat odor; dum cuncta tacent, nisi murmuret auris
Pulsa vagis cithara, aut Nymphis illusa jocosis
Somnia decutiat dulcis fallacia Musæ.
En avida jamjam videor bibere aure fugaces
Cantus et toto fluitantia carmina cœlo:
Jam lucos peragrare pios et amœna Deorum
Concilia! ecce cava qua valle Diana vagetur
Endymiona petens—illic delphinas Arion
Mulcet et ille puer ludit per opaca Hyacinthus—
Illum vel Scythicæ gentes flevere cadentem,
Et Tanaïn qui potat, et immanes *Agathyrsi*
Et Riphæa polo vicina—*illum ultimus Indus*
Hyrcanæque *inter prærupta cubilia tigres.*
Jamjam inter campos nebula *per inania vectus*
Lucentes spatior—nisi me vaga *ludat imago*—
Sed lusisse juvat—ne solvite *somnia, quercus,*
Quæcunque inter vos *miscentes murmura cælum*
Laudatis placidum et variæ miracula terræ.
Verum ubi jam nemorum harmoniam solemque furentem
Rosida pacavit tacitæ clementia Lunæ
Clivosa dum rupe fruor, per inane natantes
Suspiciens gemmas et non imitabile lumen,
Fallar agens terris animumque in sidera fundam.
Hora fugit tacita et laudantem deserit æstas:
Quo, dilecta, volas? quæ te felicior ora

Accipiet? celeri liquidum premis æthera penna
Quaque premis video tractus albescere lucis,
Et vaga surripiunt supremos flamina odores.
Quin age, pampinea redimite, Autumne, corona,
Fer mihi fulgentes hortos, flaventiaque arva,
Gargaraque spicis lætissima, et Ismara Baccho.
Inter culta Ceres, inter nemora alta Sileni
Versantur thiasi, et Cicones spatiantur in antris,
Natura aurescit, gravidusque exuberat annus.
Felix, agricolam quem non fallacia torquent
Horrea, non aliena movet fastidia messis!
Illum non strepitus regum, aut discordia vexat,
Non conjurata in bellum quæ volvitur Arctos.
Verum ubi jam tandem victo gravis incubat anno
Bruma, et deciduæ volitant ex arbore frondes,
Eurusque Zephyrusque fremunt, et pallida lento
Torpet sole dies, jam tum securus amatæ
Conjugis in gremio, perque oscula dulcia fusus,
Ventorum increpitat rabies, hyememque sonantem.
Interea totum non secius æthera turbo
Miscet, nec curvis sibi temperat unda carinis.
Quid tibi Riphæas arces, obductaque pigra
Regna canam glacie, rapidique cubilia Cauri?
Quave agit excubias Boreas, rabiemque procellæ
Ipse novam præbet languenti, et sufficit alas!
Qualis ubi nuper, socia Virtute, retorsit
Gallorum vires, et non superabile fulmen.
Scilicet horrendo periere exercita cœlo
Agmina, perque vias acres, infidaque plaustris
Flumina, et in rigidas subito correpta cavernas.
Scilicet has forsan cædes albentiaque ossa
Inveniens quondam, Agrestis, mirabere quales
Ambitio ediderit (quam non impune) ruinas!

George Waddington.